A PAPER FOR FULL-BLOODED ME

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 15. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 13, 1909. ONE PENNY.

HARRY HALL

Established over 26 years.

ORIGINATOR & ONLY MAKER

Of the IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"

21/- RIDING BREECHES.

Highest Award: 10 Gold Medals.

Unequalled Value, Fit and Style.

Lace or Button Knees, Split Fall or Fly Front. **Cut as Hunting Breeches,** very clean at knees.

Universally acknowledged.

Best-fitting and Value Breeches worn.

Perfect freedom in Riding, Shooting, Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Motoring, &c,

In real Harris and Scotch Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, **Riding Cords, and FOR HOME AND COLONIAL** hard wear.

BURBERRY'S famous **GABARDINE** (Thorn, Rainproofed and Washable).

POLO BREECHES, 25/-

Oxford Leggings, all Leathers, 16/6 per pair.

"I am well pleased with the Breeches, Coat and Vest, the fit being perfect.—K. G. F., Westmeath."

(MADE FROM CUSTOMERS' MEASURES.)

The OXFORD "Semi" NORFOLK

(Regd.)

(Can be worn with Breeches or Trousers) **45/-**

"Semi" Norfolk and Breeches **63/-**

The two expanding pleats at back give that perfect freedom so essential in forward or overhead reaching. Roomy patch pockets or ordinary pockets and button cuffs. Wind straps or shirt wrists. Long slit at back for riding. **MATERIALS.** — Scotch Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, Donegal Homespuns, &c. An ideal suit for all sporting purposes.

THE "DERBY" MACKINTOSH. 25/-

Worth and frequently sold at 2 guineas.

Made from double texture fawn Paramatta.

Driving or wind straps on cuff. Sewn seams and edges. Guaranteed waterproof.

Indispensable when Driving, Riding, Walking, Fishing, Motoring, &c.

Chest measurement over jacket required. Stocked from 36-in. to 42-in. chest.

Sample coat sent on receipt of covering amount or trade references.

"Gold Medal" Breeches, Oxford "Semi" Norfolk Coverall and Leggings, £6 6s. 0d. Complete.

An Indispensable Sporting and Stormproof Outfit.

Perfect fit guaranteed for BREECHES and COATS from our SIMPLE SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM.

OFFICERS AND CIVILIANS ABROAD, AMERICANS AND COLONIALS SPECIALLY CATERED FOR.

SUITS and OVERCOATS (in great variety) from **50/-**. Unequalled Value, Fit, and Style. To measure in 12 hours (if desired).

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Dept. M, **205, OXFORD STREET, W.** (Near Oxford Circus),

Dept. M, **21-31, ELDON STREET, LIVERPOOL STREET, E.C.**

VISITORS TO LONDON are invited to call and have measures recorded for future reference.

COPYRIGHT.]

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents, A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., *Thanet House,* 231, *Strand, London.*

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

A Unique Offer to Readers of "The Modern Man."

We do not wish to startle the gentle reader, but has he ever reflected that on the best evidence obtainable it is

A THOUSAND CHANCES TO ONE THAT HE IS IN A MORE OR LESS DANGEROUS STATE?

He may even feel all right, but disease is so insidious in its working that he will soon feel the evil effects of the canker which is gnawing at his vitals.

It is almost impossible to escape disease altogether, and it behoves each of us to guard as closely as possible what we have of that priceless possession—health.

What is disease?

Professor Hagarty says: "If our blood is deficient in iron we grow weak and proportionately powerless. . . . The iron of itself is inert, but, receiving oxygen and electricity by the lungs, it becomes endowed with elements and develops force and vigour throughout the frame. Now iron is never what is known as electrical, but magnetic."

Nature's method for supplying magnetic influence to the system is by inhalation of oxygen; as we breathe, the oxygen, being highly charged with magnetic qualities if the air is pure, is soon absorbed by the blood.

In cases of disease, however, the supply is not sufficient to meet the demand, and modern science has invented a method whereby the increased demand may be met. It is by arranging high power magnets in wearing apparel, and thus enveloping the diseased body in a magnetic field.

The success which has attended this invention is remarkable, and thousands of sufferers have been benefited and healed.

Here are two or three letters taken at random from thousands:

W. A. H. writes: "My delight knows no bounds. I cannot *write*, but I *know* there is a brighter future in store for me."

Another Sufferer says: "I am pleased to report I am progressing favourably. I have been practically free from trouble for the last eight or ten days."

B. T., of Dublin, says that he is "thankful to say that I have made very satisfactory progress on the way to health since I last wrote you. I am still wearing the Magnetic Outfit which has proved of such very great benefit to me; indeed I dread to think what I might have been to-day physically without its healing effects."

Space forbids more than one other. Here it is:

"Several months ago I procured from you a Magnetic Outfit. I wore it for a time and derived great benefit from it. I am now able to do without it. —Gratefully yours, C. A. W."

To give readers of this paper an opportunity of testing the value of magnetism in weakness and disease we have decided to offer a 30 days' FREE TRIAL. We cannot do fairer than that.

Send your name and address on a postcard to

THE APPAREIL MAGNETIQUE, (M.M.), 27, Great Eastern House, Bishopsgate St., LONDON, E.C.

and literature explaining the action of magnetism, together with full particulars of this unique offer, willl be sent you.

If you are weak and wish to be strong—
THIS OFFER IS TO YOU.

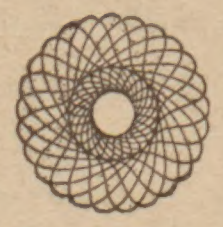
If you are diseased and wish to be healthy—
THIS OFFER IS TO YOU.

A MYSTERIOUS SCIENTIFIC NOVELTY.

Magical Machine Called "The Mysterion" Produces the Most Intricate and Exquisitely Beautiful Designs.

Will be All the Rage, and the Scientific Novelty of 1909.

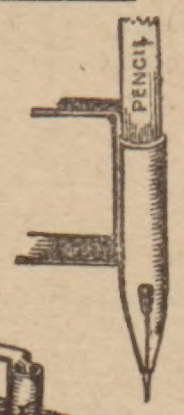
Each year sees one novelty outstrip all others in popularity. The Novelty that will be all the rage during the 1909 Season will be the appropriately named "Mysterion." Last season it was the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top," of which, it is interesting to note, the Playground of Science Co. sold over a quarter of a million during the first ten weeks following its introduction. The same firm of Scientific Experts are responsible for the latest Novelty, "The Mysterion."



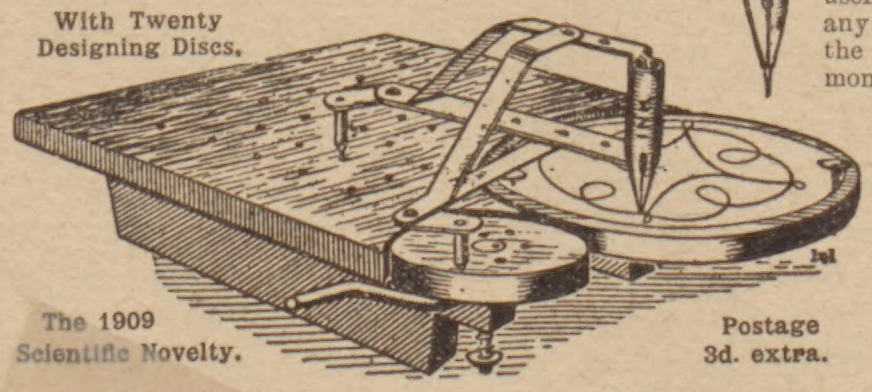
It is gratifying to know that we are not this time indebted for this latest novelty to either an ingenious Frenchman, or a cute Yankee, or a learned German. The "Mysterion" is the invention of an Englishman who took First Honours in the Mechanical Science Tripos at Cambridge. In durability and infinity of interest "The Mysterion" should easily and quickly eclipse the wonderful selling record achieved by the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top."

The possibilities of "The Mysterion" are truly mystifying in their infinite variety. There is no end to the exquisitely beautiful and puzzlingly intricate designs that this marvellous machine will produce at the rate of one every half-minute.

Never Ending Variety and Interest for Only **1/-**



With Twenty Designing Discs.



The 1909 Scientific Novelty.

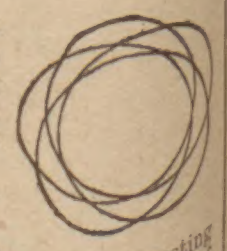
Postage 3d. extra.

There could be no better present to a child or juvenile of any age, while every adult of artistic tastes will be just as fascinated by the extraordinary work it does. To watch it "weaving" its designs with unerring accuracy and speed is uncannily fascinating.

The average boy will forsake soldiers and all other toys for the wonder-weaving work of "The Mysterion."

The girl will neglect her doll under the strange spell created by the exquisite tracery so easily wrought by "The Mysterion."

The reason of its fascination is that the work of "The Mysterion," appeals so strongly—and so worthily—to that inherent human desire to "make something"—especially "something" that both interests and pleases—something that will be a joy to look upon, such as is all the work of "The Mysterion."



Another remarkable feature missing from most novelties and playthings is that just because no two designing attempts are alike, the "life" of interesting usefulness of "The Mysterion" is longer than that of any other mechanical article which goes on repeating the same movement or action until it becomes monotonously uninteresting.

Imagine the added and unusual value of a Scientific Novelty that *remains a novelty for days, weeks, and months*—until even variety itself at last satisfies the human craving for novelty.

As will be seen, "The Mysterion" designs with either pen or pencil. For the former, "The Mysterion" is fitted with a new patent fountain pen—alone worth half the price of the whole machine. This fountain pen is easily adapted to pencil work. Just "shave" a pencil until it can be pressed through the round point of the fountain pen. Use a long (soft) pencil, to get sufficient weight on the lead to "make it mark" on the paper discs.

We have illustrated this announcement with just a few examples of the work of "The Mysterion," which, be it noted, has a wider range of possibilities than designing machines which cost more. Every reader desirous of securing one (or more) of "The Mysterion" had better send order at once. Careful attention will be paid to orders of readers who desire several "Mysterions" sent to different addresses. The price is only 1s. (or 1s. 3d. carriage paid), or with 50 each extra Circular and Irregular Designing Discs (100 extra), 1s. 9d., post free. Two "Mysterions" *to same address* for 2s. 3d. Three for 3s. Six for 5s. If sent to different addresses, Two for 2s. 4d. Three for 3s. 3d. Six for 6s. Senders' cards or notes will be correctly enclosed if required.

The Playground of Science (INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES), 80, Albert House, 73, Farringdon St., E.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 15. WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 13TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

BLACKMAILING LOVERS.

A DANGER OF THE LONDON COMMONS.

There are many open spaces on which London lovers wander in the evenings, but there is not one such space but has a prowling blackmailer. He will follow a couple for some time, and will then request to speak to the man for a moment. He makes some sort of charge against him, and threatens to hand him over to the police unless he receives hush money.

Rather than have a scene before his sweetheart, the young man will very often pay him a few shillings, but not always.

Still fresh in the public recollection must be the case of Private Steele, of the 7th Hussars, whom a man named Hodges endeavoured to blackmail in this way. Instead of paying, Steele grappled with him, and in the scuffle stabbed him in the thigh. The blackmailer bled to death, and the jury declared that it was a case of accident and not murder. Nobody said anything against that verdict.

I would not advocate such drastic treatment as this, but something should be done to stamp out these pests.

First and foremost we must change our outlook on the crime. It is the victim's timidity that gives the scoundrel power. If the former was not afraid, the latter could do nothing.

There is an old story about a man who sent anonymously the following message to six of his friends: "All is discovered. Fly at once." In the morning five of them had disappeared.

Whether this is true or not, it illustrates a phase of life. The majority of people have some secret which they do not wish the world to know, and on this general assumption many a blackmailer relies.

Those nervous of being blackmailed will do well to avoid being left alone anywhere with a suspicious stranger, but, should they decide on the bolder course of facing matters out, they may with advantage adopt the retort of a certain stockbroker who was travelling to Hastings.

"If you don't pay me £5," said the man who occupied the other corner of the carriage, "I'll stop the train and say you tried to murder me."

"And if you don't close your mouth this very moment," returned the stockbroker, "I'll do it."

A war of extermination ought to be waged on blackmailers, but until they cease to exist it is well to know how to face them. Whatever you may have done, whatever they may allege you have done, never give them money. Their demands are always small to begin with, and you may think it a good investment to get rid of them for so little, but one payment means a further demand, and that another.

Never hesitate in laying a blackmailing letter in the hands of the police. When the matter is brought into court, the judge and the reporters will combine to protect you from unpleasant publicity. At your request your name and address will be kept out of print, and the blackmailer will suffer without your suffering also.

C. CHAPMAN.

COPYRIGHT.

CHEEK.

Suggested motto for Miss Violet Charlesworth's creditors: "Wait till the (Mac) clouds roll by."

* * * * * * *

Our variegated winter has been responsible for some phenomena in Nature, but we know of none to meet this: On January 21st the *Daily Mirror* published a photograph showing the Army aeroplane after the accident it sustained on the previous day. According to this photograph the trees at Aldershot are in full leaf! Really the *Daily Mirror* should change its title to *The Daily Distorting Mirror.*

* * * * * * *

"If the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotsman were rolled into one harmonious whole the result would probably be as near the ideal man as one could hope to see in this imperfect world," says the *Gentlewoman*. As a patriotic Scot, I ask, why drag in the Englishman and the Irishman?

* * * * * * *

Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., tells us that a politician always gets praised for his bad work by the Press, but that his good work is never noticed. Now we know why the Press is generally so flattering to Mr. Birrell.

* * * * * * *

Miss Violet Charlesworth seems to be fond of "good-bye" songs. Following up her "Good-bye, Girlie, I must go," ballad, she has written another, entitled "Good-bye, Mavourneen." People who have had business dealings with the lady say that there is too much of the ta(r) ta(r) about her.

* * * * * * *

The French Chamber of Deputies, we are told, includes many skilful musicians among its members, and a French contemporary suggests that they should form themselves into an orchestra. Why not apply the idea to our own House of Commons? Mr. Winston Churchill would, of course, play the big drum, Mr. Lloyd George the Welsh harp, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Haldane would charm our cares (and ourselves) away with bagpipe duets, Sir Edward Grey would tootle sweetly on the French horn, while the Labour M.P.'s would blow their own trumpets. It's a great idea. Push it along!

* * * * * * *

"The average Englishman," says the *Outlook*, "is not a linguist." But he usually becomes one when he takes to golf in middle age.

* * * * * * *

Thank goodness, whatever the War Office may do about the Army, the Admiralty keep a sleepless eye on the efficiency of our Navy. It has been making exhaustive inquiries with the object of reducing the size of sailor's trousers round the ankle.

* * * * * * *

Captain C. Stone was recently married to Miss Lyona Decima Veronica Esyth Undine Cyssa Hylda Rowena Viola Adela Thyra Ursula Ysabel Blanche Lelias Dysart Plantagenet Tollemache. Probably the lady will be quite content to be called "pet."

NORMAN FRASER.

MUSCLE AND MORALS.

Strong in body as in mind.—WATTS.

There seems to be a direct connection between the size of a man's muscles and the simplicity of his character.

Children, who are generally admitted to be infallible judges in such matters will entrust themselves with absolute confidence to the gigantic policeman, but it is seldom that they display faith in the small man, unless they have been taught to like him gradually.

The muscular man they like instinctively, the other only when they have been educated to do so.

It is much the same with grown ups.

The man of muscle is popular amongst his fellows, and his popularity, so far as my experience goes, seems to be well justified.

I do not think I have ever known a burly man do a mean thing.

If you have ever happened to attend a police court you may have observed a big man in the dock.

His crime probably is assault or burglary; he is capable of brutality, perhaps, but not of meanness. The forger, the pickpocket, and the perjurer are in almost every instance men of insignificant physique.

Something of the same sort may be observed in the case of animals. "As strong as a horse," and "as strong as an elephant," have become proverbial expressions.

Yet these are probably two of the most docile and gentle creatures that exist when once they have been broken in and trained by man.

The implacable foes of mankind are rather to be found among the smaller and weaker animals, especially reptiles and vermin.

So beware of the small and puny man, as you would of the small animal.

In the world of business the big man seems to have things almost all his own way.

I am not referring to the tall man, but to the man who is sturdy. If you bring to your mind's eye the portraits of our princes of commerce you will find that practically every one has some pretensions to athletic build.

I have in mind several cases where successful business men have developed their physique from puniness to substantial proportions, but it is scarcely likely that all owe their development to systematic physical culture.

To many it has probably come as the direct concomitant of robust health, and that health has probably had much to do with the vigour which has won them success.

It was their gift at birth.

Be that as it may, we have several instances of men who attribute their success in business to the improvement in their health and the increase of vigour in their character which is the result of physical culture; and these instances should teach us much.

We have no examples on the other side of the slate, for it cannot be suggested that physical culture has ever damaged anybody's character or prospects.

J. C. LORIMER.

IN THE RIDING SCHOOL.

A TASTE OF TERRITORIAL LIFE.

The men are gathered round the notice board in the drill hall of a regiment of volunteer artillery, that has under Mr. Haldane's scheme of the Territorial Army, been turned into a Brigade of Field Artillery.

Great excitement prevails, the cause of it being the following order:

"Non - commissioned officers and drivers will attend at the Barracks on Tuesday at 7.45 sharp, for instruction in Riding."

This is the first lesson, and has long been awaited by the men, who have patiently continued to serve in the hope that one day they will take charge of, or assist in driving, a real live battery of Field Artillery, and consequently be entitled to wear the jingling spurs and the tight fitting overalls that at once proclaim them to be members of a mounted corps, to the envy of their brethren the infantry, and, let us whisper it, the increased admiration of their lady friends.

At last the eventful evening arrives, and in twos and threes they reach the riding school of a famous battery of Royal Horse Artillery.

Try and imagine a large barn like building, about 60 yards by 20, deeply covered with tan, on which before the evening is out many, if not all, will have made their mark.

This is a time of serious and anxious thought for many of our recruits, for it must be remembered that some of them have never been across a horse in their lives.

FIRST LESSONS.

Soon the doors are flung open and, led by their soldier owners, the horses are brought into the school and handed over to the tender mercies of the new men.

Probably some of their number have a slight knowledge of riding and have no difficulty in finding a seat, to the envy and admiration of their less fortunate pals, who are standing quite still, gingerly holding the animals they have to ride.

With the kindly assistance of the riding-master or the corporal who assists him, the luckless ones are at last all mounted.

First of all the novice is instructed as to the fitting of his stirrup leathers, as on the length of these depends the comfort or discomfort of the rider. Then he is taught exactly how to hold and use his reins.

"T'chn!"

The stentorian voice of the Sergeant-Major echoes round the building, and the men are numbered.

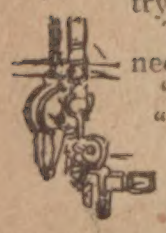
PRIDE GOES BEFORE--

"Walk. March!" The horses prick up their ears, and round the school the cavalcade proceeds.

"Sit up there, Number 7!" roars the Sergeant-Major. Number 7 promptly starts in his saddle and nearly slides out.

After a few minutes of walking round the school, you begin to get fairly comfortable and more or less at home in the saddle, and your horse seems very quiet, while a feeling of pride comes uppermost and banishes the nervousness you at first felt.

But not so fast, my friend! At this moment you hear a now well-known voice saying: "Yes, very good. Round once more, and then we will try a little trot."



Trot! You wonder what that's like. No need to wonder; in two seconds you know.

"Now you are all right there, Number 1?"

"Yes, sir," comes the reply. A moment's pause, and then "Ter-r-r-rot!" resounds through the school.

Bump, bump, bumpety bump! With an indescribable feeling that something will happen in a moment, your breath coming in spasmodic jerks, you surreptitiously clutch your saddle and cling for dear life.

But someone has been watching you—those eagle eyes miss nothing—and loud and clear across the tan comes the command: "Number 9, let go your saddle! That's to sit on, not to hang on by."

So you leave go.

For a short while you manage to keep your balance, but as you take a corner you suddenly lose your stirrup. Of course there is at once an uneven pressure, and you feel yourself sliding away from your horse.

—A FALL.

In sheer desperation you grab at something and find nothing. Another violent effort, and you clutch your horse's neck, and gradually you slide under its belly, and eventually reach mother earth as comfortably as you can possibly manage it.

After you have managed to get the tan out of your mouth and eyes, you proceed to search for your steed, who is probably standing still in the middle of the school.

Taking the reins in your left hand and a wisp of the mane round your thumb, you endeavour to place your foot in the stirrup and at length succeed, while your more fortunate friends are grinning at your efforts.

You make a spring, hoping to land in the saddle, but you don't, and your horse moves round a few paces, while you hop along with him, looking very foolish.

After one or two attempts you succeed in mounting, but for some reason best known to himself your horse has taken an objection to you, something like a miniature earthquake occurs, you describe a couple of somersaults, and finish upon the flat of your back.

THE FINISHED HORSEMAN.

You sit up just in time to behold your steed careering round the school, spreading fear and disaster in his path. Your friends don't see anything to laugh at now, for they are fully occupied with their own troubles.

At last the lesson for the evening is finished and you adjourn for a wash and brush up, feeling very disgusted with yourself.

You go home and enjoy a well-earned night's rest, but next morning you ache as if you had been beaten all over, and your legs feel like a pair of rusty compasses. But soon it all wears off and you are eagerly looking forward to the next ride.

As you progress, harder tests are imposed, such as riding without reins or stirrups, and you are eventually expected to take the jumps.

After finishing your course and being passed out you can look back on these evenings as a huge joke and laugh at your own expense at the exhibition you must have given.

Eventually your regiment goes to camp, and the proudest moment of your military life arrives when you take your place on the team and take your guns into action.

Here is sport, if you like!

It is not without its danger, but then what sport that really stirs a man's soul is without it?

It is the guns that contain half the romance of a modern army corps. Everyone turns to look at them, and infantry and even cavalry are put into the shade when the "gunners" come rattling by.

F. J. PICKETT.

SWAGGER.

SHOWING ITS MERITS AND LIMITATIONS.

In some aspects swagger is quite delightful. Take, for example, the swagger of the Highlander.

If you have ever seen a Highland regiment come marching past, hips swinging, bonnets flying, every man swaggering for all he is worth, without feeling the cockles of your heart warm towards the gallant fellows then you must be a poor, fish-like creature indeed.

Then the swagger of the cavalryman is also attractive and not only to feminine eyes. Generally speaking one looks for swagger in an Army man, and does not dislike it.

The naval or military man, one feels, does not swagger in his walk and bearing so much for his own personal glorification as for what he considers to be the credit of his Service, and that is a manly feeling.

So too the schoolboy or the young man who swaggers about his school or University, although he may sometimes be tiresome, is on the whole a likeable fellow. He has *esprit de corps*, and swagger is often merely that admirable quality a trifle exaggerated, just as swagger in walk is often nothing more than an honest, if a trifle exuberant, pride in oneself.

There are, however, forms of swagger that are wholly detestable. There is, for instance, the cheap swagger of the second or third-rate actor, the unmanly, gin-crawling, dirty-nailed beast.

He swaggers — most ineffectively — in his clothes, with his imitation fur collar, his alleged diamond pin, his cracked patent leather boots.

He swaggers in his talk—again, to the deception of none, except perhaps himself.

He comes into smoking room or bar, and tries to impress everybody with his greatness. He talks loudly about the parts he has played, the fabulous salaries he has drawn. But nobody is deceived—again I say except perhaps himself. His swagger is as cheap and nasty as his alleged fur coat.

Then there is the cad who swaggers by bullying waiters in restaurants, by standing in the entrances of fashionable hotels, where he is not staying, by using a crest to which he has no right, by wearing the colours of the M.C.C. or the Royal Artillery—favourite selections with these bounders—when he does not belong to either body.

Swagger often precedes a fall, and I remember an amusing instance of swaggerers who were pricked as one pricks a balloon and with much the same result.

I was travelling to Jersey using the Weymouth route, and at that port four men came on board, who simply reeked of swagger. They were big, blatant sort of men, loud in dress, manner, and speech, and they had not been five minutes on board before they had let us all know that they were just going across to Jersey "for the blow," intending to return by the next boat. While we were in port they kept calling for brandies-and-sodas and big cigars, and generally speaking swaggering for our benefit.

It was a rough passage, a very, very rough passage, and at Guernsey four of the awfullest looking "corpses" you ever saw—not swaggering friends who were only crossing for "the blow"—were carried off unable to face even the short passage on to Jersey.

A swaggering manner is generally offensive to men, although it often "goes down" with the ladies.

But just a suspicion of it is I think, rather attractive, especially in a young man.

It shows that he has a "good conceit" of himself, and provided of course it is not carried to excess that is far from being a bad quality. A "good conceit" of himself will often keep a youngster clean and straight-living.

Moreover, the man who swaggers a bit in his walk is generally either a disciplined man or a sportsman or both.

But the swagger must be unconscious and not put on for effect.

H. B. KING.

INGLEWAY'S RETURN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By BERNARD MACKLIN.

I.

The concluding bars of Elgar's "Salut D'Amour" were dying away pianissimo to the exquisitely tender finish. . .

The little Hungarian conductor bowed profoundly to the listless restaurant audience which was collectively gorging itself. From a corner table came enthusiastic applause. The conductor nodded that way, greatly surprised. The well-dressed throng looked around momentarily and then returned to their feasting.

"Yes, I'm going back, I tell you!" The speaker's voice rose clearly above the hum of conversation.

An apathetic waiter, near by, awoke from a reverie concerning his far off Austrian home.

In the corner, two men, by no means as smart as the company, were partaking of an excellent dinner, and the wine was flowing so freely that the aforesaid waiter, suspiciously regarding their somewhat shabby clothes, wondered whether they would be able to pay the bill.

One of them distinctly favoured the type that prefers the homely supper of fried fish and chip potatoes, served informally on a sheet of newspaper. The other preserved traces of bygone gentility, and a student of human nature might, perhaps, have pictured the contrast which a good suit of clothes could have made.

"Yes, I'm going back, I tell you!" he repeated.

The little man—he who was particularly distrusted by the waiter—deliberately laid down his knife and fork.

"W'y don't yer say it again?" he asked sarcastically. "Wot's got in yer head now?"

"A week to-night," his companion went on heedlessly, "'The Seven' hold their annual dinner at the Junior Beggars' Club. I've told you about 'The Seven'?" He spoke thickly.

"'The Seven'? Lord, yes, they cut yer dead at Ascot, at Epsom, an' Brighton on Cup-day—to enoomerate only a few occasions!"

The little man spoke indignantly. He was the only person who had latterly found anything to appreciate in the society of the Hon. James Plantagenet Ingleway—son of a noble, but self-respecting house, which had long since closed its doors to him—a proved reckless gambler.

Ingleway desisted from the rare luxury of toying with a Neapolitan ice.

"Billy," he said solemnly, "had you ever any real home, friends, or affections, before you went to the dev—went racing?"

"I wasn't straight. I ran away from the little shop the old man kept off the Bow Road," he said, a softness coming into his eyes. "It was racin' I wanted—an' so on. I've got it! We both know 'ow 'ard it is to get a bit on the course, sir. Good 'eavins, I reckoned it 'ud be a gentleman's life! But if I could only be a grocer again! How I wish I dared——"

"Go back, eh, Billy? You wish you could go back! That's what I mean—and I'm going. I've got the pluck to face the music, I tell you!"

The Hon. James thumped his fist on the table. "That thing of Elgar's brought it all back to me. Billy Hopkins—good old Billy!—I've finished with you—you old blackguard!" Ingleway held up his glass to the light. "Your very good health—and good-bye!" he exclaimed.

"It's a pity you're so drunk, Mr. Ingleway!" said the little man severely. "It's always the way with you when we win a little money. If Old China hadn't won the Manchester November Handicap at twenty to one, you'd not be the laughin' stock of the company here to-night."

"Twenty tenners—two hundred pounds—wealth in these days!" Ingleway exclaimed, significantly tapping his breast pocket. "How will it feel to be wearing decent clothes again?"

He lit a cigar and smoked silently.

"Quite drunk," Mr. Hopkins explained to the waiter as, much to that gentleman's satisfaction, he paid the bill.

He half dragged Ingleway out into the drizzle of Oxford Street, and grasping his arm, led him down a flight of steps into a dimly lighted thoroughfare. There was only one way to deal with the situation.

"Ho!" Billy observed in biting tones. "So you're goin' to the precious dinner of 'The Seven,' are you? W'y the 'all porter 'll chuck you out in the street—followin' instructions."

Ingleway made no sign. There was a smile on his face. "'The Seven,'" he said at length, "are, strictly speaking, only Six now, but they can't deny me—by the Rules!"

"Pooh! They don't want to see a broken-down beggar wot's gambled away 'arf 'is father's money—on the crook, too!"

The statement was far from accurate, but it had the desired effect. Ingleway put up his hands and aimed a blow at the agile Mr. Hopkins, who enjoyed a reputation for pugilistic smartness. Billy led off with his left at the mark. Ingleway received it full-tilt, but it did not sober him as intended. As swiftly, his right shot forward, and unpleasantly surprised Mr. Hopkins by knocking him out for several dazed seconds.

He dimly heard Ingleway's "Good-bye, Billy, you good old sort!" as he returned to the world.

When Mr. Hopkins had collected his wits and risen from the cold pavement, Ingleway had disappeared.

* * * * * * *

A few minutes later, a wild-eyed man dashed into a hair-dresser's shop, as the proprietor was about to put up the shutters. "Here," he said. "Half-a-sovereign for a hair cut, a shave—and a bath!"

"With the greatest of pleasure, sir!"

II.

The rain was rattling on the window panes of the Junior Beggars' Club—so named, a wit once observed, because the payment of its prohibitive annual subscription was sufficient to impoverish the members for a considerable period. Outside the motor-'buses noisily slithered their way up the Hill into Piccadilly. A half-dozen men of varying ages were gathered round the fire.

"Gad! What weather!" said the fat and placid George Venner, settling himself comfortably into an armchair. "It reminds me of that horrible night of the last 'Seven' dinner. Alas, the words of the poet, 'We are Seven,' don't apply to us now. Last year Jimmy——"

"What a memory you have for unpleasant things!" The grey-haired Honorary Treasurer interrupted him in surly tones.

"Unpleasant? But, my dear boy, I shall *never* forget that most excellent champagne he stood us that evening."

"Poor old Ingleway brought it over from the South of France himself," added a fat headed gentleman with military bearing. "Pity he never told us the exact brand—and the bottles were not labelled."

"You, too, Colonel?" the Honorary Treasurer observed wearily.

He had tried to blot the name of James Plantagenet Ingleway out of both the exclusive, almost Masonic, "Seven," and the Club generally, but ever and anon that peerless champagne had risen up against him.

"I always thought that Jimmy Ingleway was the victim of a certain amount of extra bad luck," Colonel Travis said. "He was the best loser I ever saw, and he paid up like a gentleman while the money lasted."

"At the end," said the Honorary Treasurer, "his father gave Jimmy five hundred and a second-class ticket to British Columbia—with his blessing!"

"Alas! It happened to be Derby week," George Venner observed. "Our James got no farther than Epsom, and systematically did most of it in, I hear."

"I believe I saw him at Ascot," a fair-moustached young man remarked, "but he wouldn't look at me."

"Or *vice-versa?*" This from Venner.

The Honorary Treasurer suddenly remembered his principles.

"Seeing that Lord Ingleway has settled matters with his son irretrievably, argument on the point seems futile, and why drag up——"

"The nightmare of the past."

A well-remembered voice spoke from behind the group ringed round the fire. The party, with one accord, wheeled about.

"Why, Jimmy!" exclaimed Mr. George Venner. "My dear boy, we've never been able to get another case of that champagne——"

"For heaven's sake, be serious, Venner," said the Honorary Treasurer severely.

Jimmy was facing the group, his lips set, and steadfast purpose in his eyes. His face was as white as his dress shirt.

"I've come," he said slowly, "to claim my right to a place at the dinner of the 'Seven!' To-night, it's the old life I want. To-morrow I can go—out there—again!"

He collapsed wearily into a chair.

"Our own flunkey," he went on, "had orders not to allow me to see my father. Yesterday I went down to my—his—place, you know."

There was a strained silence, and the young members looked away from the man half huddled in the chair.

The Honorary Treasurer was the first to speak.

"Jimmy," he said, "you were once the life and soul of this place. Damn it! you shall stay!"

"Hear, hear!" several echoed.

"And don't go without telling us where to get that champagne!" said George Venner in earnest tones.

"Thanks," said Jimmy simply, rising from his chair. "It's good of you fellows!"

The clock chimed the half hour. The Honorary Treasurer consulted his watch.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as last year's chairman I have the right to name him who shall preside over the board to-night. I give my vote to The Honourable James Ingleway!"

The members murmured enthusiastic approval and prepared to make way to the historic little dining room.

Then a strange thing happened. The hall porter, disregarding all the limitations of his profession, entered the room without knocking and with an air of great importance. The company stared. He walked directly up to Ingleway.

"The evenin' paper—m' Lord!" he exclaimed pompously.

Outside, the hoarse voices of the newspaper boys rose above the din of the traffic.

"'Orrible 'Untin' Accident! Lord Hingleway Killed. Paiper, sir!" was plainly heard by the surprised members.

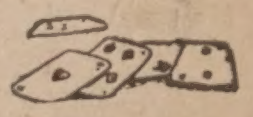
"It will make a difference—all the difference," they said one to another.

Jimmy read bravely and then passed the paper to the Honorary Treasurer. Venner clutched his arm.

"Steady, man!" he exclaimed. Ingleway had swayed slightly and seemed likely to fall.

"Jimmy," said the Honorary Treasurer at length. "We—er——"

"Deeply sympathise," George Venner suggested. "Now about that champagne——"



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

MASSAGE AND HEIGHT.

Many readers, whose stature is not as great as they could wish, have been attracted by Dr. Robertson's article in a past number on "How to grow tall," in which he referred to Atkinson's method of increasing the height by means of massage.

If a man cannot by taking thought add a cubit to his stature, in these days of advanced science if he is not already fully developed he can usually add an inch or so.

The man who is entirely dependent on his own exertions and cannot command the services of a qualified masseur is, of course, at a great disadvantage—not only owing to his ignorance of the way to set to work, but to the fact that twenty-three out of the twenty-six joints which affect the height are in the spine.

The man who is not a contortionist can only reach a few of those joints—those which are in the neighbourhood of the waist.

These and the joints of the hip, the knee and the ankle he can reach, and he can work upon.

But it must be remembered that massage requires considerable physical strength and that it must be a real manipulation of the joint, not merely friction, which only affects the skin.

The safer course, perhaps, is to rely mainly on exercises such as those mentioned in Dr. Robertson's article.

Many physical culture enthusiasts devote far too much attention to exercises of the limbs alone.

It is cartilage and not muscle that must be developed if one wants to affect one's height.

FOR THE ARMS.

Here is an exercise which, to look at the illustration, seems absurdly simple. Yet it is one of the very finest I know of for the speedy development of the arms — the forearms especially, but the upper arms as well.

An exercise suitable for either the athlete or the beginner.

Stand at attention, with your hands by your sides. Clench them as tightly as you can. Now raise them—very slowly—up your sides towards your armpits.

At first you may find it impossible to touch your armpits with your hands clenched in this manner, but let me urge you to persevere. Press up as hard as you can; it is the effort, not the accomplishment of the thing, that develops your muscles.

Of all my exercises for the forearms, I think this is worthy of a place in the front rank. It seems very easy, but I recommend even the best developed athlete to try it before he passes it by.

When you have put it to the test you will see that it is as hard as you could wish for.

Don't overdo it. Ten times should be your outside limit, and it will be quite enough if you put the right amount of vim into it.

I have been criticised by some readers for giving so many exercises for the development of the arms. While I have certainly done this, I have not neglected the other muscles. My reason for encouraging my readers to give their arms special attention is that the arm muscles are essentially show muscles, and we like to have such muscles looking their best, even though we are not vain.

LOOK AFTER YOUR TEETH.

Few people realise the enormous effect which the condition of their teeth has upon their general health.

You will very rarely, if ever, find a man with discoloured or decayed teeth, who is in perfect physical condition.

The poison of defective teeth eats into the whole system, besides the fact that the bad state of the teeth interferes with the mastication of your food.

I have heard it put thus: no stomach was provided with teeth, and it is therefore incapable of dealing with unmasticated food.

In a recent report of the progress of recruiting for the Army, it appeared that out of 66,703 men inspected, 23,681 were rejected, and no fewer than 4,824 of these were declared unfit owing to the state of their teeth.

Anyone who has sampled Army biscuit will realise the necessity for strong teeth, but for the ordinary man the most important thing is to waste no time in having extracted or stopped every tooth which shows signs of decay.

Whatever pain and expense it may cause at the time, the immediate effect on the whole system is well worth it.

To every physical culturist, and to all others who are induced to attend to their muscles by a perusal of this page, I would say: attend at once to your teeth. If they be left imperfect, sound health and well-being is an impossibility.

THE ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.

Admittedly the abdominal muscles are amongst the hardest to develop, but several of the exercises I have devised are, I think, well calculated to overcome the difficulty.

In the fore front I should place the following:

One of the finest abdominal exercises I know.

Sit on a chair sideways, resting your hands lightly on your waist, and keeping yourself "at attention," as they say in the Army.

Now lower your body backwards—very gradually, for none of this is to be done jerkily, as that would mean an expenditure of energy without any perceptible result. Press back as far as you can, taking care not to allow your feet to leave the floor even for a moment. When you have reached your limit, raise your body once more to a sitting position, and repeat five or six times.

There is no quicker or better way of developing the abdominal muscles, and the strengthening of them means not only a better carriage and figure but also a marked improvement in your general health.

NECK DEVELOPMENT.

Stand erect, holding the hands by the sides, and tensing all your muscles.

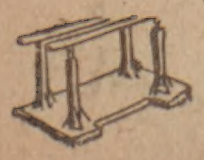
It is worth while getting a good neck. Here is the simplest way.

Now throw the head back, keeping the neck muscles as hard as you can make them all the time. Bring the head slowly forward till you can see your toes, and repeat.

Do this phase of the exercise five or six times. Then turn your head first to the right and then to the left, slowly but strenuously, for an equal number of times.

It is simple and easy, but it is a capital way of giving you a good neck in record time, and it is worth while remembering that it is largely by the size of a man's neck that his general development is judged by the casual observer.

At first you may find that your spinal cord creaks a little as you turn your head; this is due to lack of sinovial fluid, and will disappear with practice.



PHYSICAL POSES.

GRACEFUL AND OTHERWISE.

As soon as a man attains a certain degree of physical development, he wants to have a photographic record of it.

Nobody blames him.

A photograph, indicating a bulging biceps, and bearing the greeting "Will you apologise now or afterwards?" is a useful sort of thing to send to anyone with whom you may happen to have had a difference of opinion.

Apart from such utilitarian purposes, a photo of muscular development has a distinct artistic value, or ought to have.

Too often, however, the pose assumed is so obviously uncomfortable that the observer involuntarily exclaims: "Poor fellow! I wonder if it hurts him much."

Turn up a sporting paper where it reproduces a photo of an athletic team, and you will observe that half the men in it have their arms folded and gripped against their chests so that the muscles stand out awkwardly.

Such a picture is an eyesore.

Study the photos of athletes taken individually, and you will find them no better.

One has his upper arms held horizontally, and his fore-arms twisted upwards as if he were suffering from cramp; another has submitted only his right arm to this treatment, and has twisted himself round so that he may be seen admiring it.

Either of these poses looks very ungraceful and uncomfortable.

What then is the athlete to do?

Even a Sandow appears to have no development worth speaking about if he takes a pose that implies no muscular effort, for the well-trained muscle lies quite soft and flabby in repose and is indistinguishable in the photo from ordinary fat.

You must therefore assume a pose which will bring your muscles into play, but there is no reason why it should be an unnatural and therefore an ugly one.

The first essential of beauty is suitability.

The man who is hardening his arms in the act of lifting nothing but air, is obviously showing off.

Let him take a heavy weight and hold that in such a manner that his muscles are brought into action, and he will seem to be doing a thoroughly natural and sensible thing.

A piece of rock is better than a metal weight, because it savours less of the gymnasium.

We are not all weight-lifters, however, and there are other ways of setting up the muscles in an artistic manner.

Have you ever noticed that when you yawn you sometimes make your muscles tense? Throw back your arms, yawn, and you will see it is so.

On this you may base a number of artistic poses. I do not mean that you should be taken yawning, but in one of those half-involuntary stretches that accompany the yawn and reveal the muscles.

It is an excellent plan to imitate the pose of one of the famous statues—the Discobolus, for instance.

All the statues which show the muscles bulging make the subjects doing something strenuous, throwing, lifting and so forth—which supports my assertions.

The idea is novel and such a photograph is worth having.

In the matter of dress there is room for opinion.

Personally I always think that the tiger skin and sandals smack rather of the variety stage than the classical arena.

"Noddings on" is the ideal from the artistic point of view, and the nearer to it—within the limits of good taste—the better.

One thing is certain: a man cannot look picturesque in a bathing costume or shorts. A strip of cloth, arranged after the fashion of the savage's waist clout, answers all the purposes of decency, and its lines do not break the picture up too much.

E. S. HANCOX.

ACTORS AS ATHLETES.

SOME SPORTING AND DRAMATIC FACTS.

Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean company is made up so far as the male members are concerned chiefly of university men, and I believe that every one of them is an all round athlete. It is their custom to write in advance to various clubs in the towns they propose to visit and arrange matches. One of the most enjoyable hockey matches in which I ever took part was between Mr. Benson's company and the team of the college at which I was at that time an undergraduate.

I was chatting after the match with one of the actors and he told me that Mr. Benson had once advertised for a Hamlet who must be a good wicket keeper. Mr. Benson himself plays cricket, hockey and tennis, swims, rows, runs, cycles and shoots.

The modern actor is very unlike his prototype of twenty years since. Then the chances were that he had been drawn from a class which was unacquainted with athletics. To-day a very large proportion of our popular actors are public school men, and have consequently an intimate knowledge of most forms of sport.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier was an Eton man. Harrow produced Mr. Vane Tempest, Mr. Gerald du Maurier, and Mr. Gilbert Hare; and Rugby Mr. Charles Hawtrey. At Marlborough were educated Mr. H. B. Irving and Mr. Lawrence Irving. Charterhouse was responsible for Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, and Mr. Aubrey Smith. A public schoolboy who has a taste for the drama is most likely to become an actor of serious plays, and if he has a pretty good knowledge of athletics it is not as a rule difficult for him to find a position in one of the Shakespearean repertoire companies.

It must not be supposed however that sport is the peculiar property of the Shakespearean actor, Mr. George Edwardes has constituted himself the supreme patron of sport in the world of musical comedy. He runs the Gaiety cricket club with its own ground, and moreover he subscribes to many golf clubs throughout the country, so that members of any of his companies may have a half day's golf free of cost wherever they may find themselves.

Golf may be said to be the favourite sport of the actor, and there are few who cannot play it efficiently. Mr. George Alexander is particularly clever on the links and he has in Hertfordshire a house which abuts upon one of the finest golf links in the country. Mr. Harry Lauder again plays a very good game, as one might expect of a native of the country that produced golf. Will Evans and Harry Randall are also keen golfers. Mr. Edmund Payne, the laughter maker of the Gaiety, has won in his time many races on the cycle track, but though he is still an ardent devotee of the wheel he has given up racing.

There must be many of my readers whose sides have shaken while watching Mr. Harry Tate in his sketch "Motoring." It may come as a surprise to them to know that he is in real life, when he shakes the dust of the boards from his feet, a racing motorist of iron nerve.

Mr. Leonard Boyne is a horseman of great skill, and he has ridden to victory in many a steeplechase.

The annual cricket match between actors and jockeys has made it fairly well known that this form of sport is favoured by the profession. Among its best exponents may be named Messrs. Hayden Coffin, Louis Bradfield, Fred Wright, Henry Lytton, Oscar Asche, and Arthur Roberts.

Football has not many exponents on the stage, but it has one or two whose ability makes up for the fewness of the numbers. Mr. George Robey has played as a forward for Millwall, and is now a member of Chelsea.

Mr. George Edwardes is an enthusiastic patron of the turf, and owns some uncommonly good horses. Mr. Lewis Waller also has his string of horses in training, and Mr. G. P. Huntley has a couple.

GRAHAM WALLACE.

BELOW THE BELT.

The poet had lost a good deal of hair, and he was wearing his necktie over his left shoulder, but he looked jubilant.

"Did the editor allow you to read your Ode on Spring?" asked the artist with the red nose and the portfolio, as he met him outside.

"He refused to listen to it," said the poet, "and when I insisted and read the first line he rung his bell for the fighting editor. The fighting editor dragged me into the passage, and, as I still insisted on returning to the editor's room, he wrestled with me. First he tried ju-jitsu, and then scratch-as-Gotch-can.

"For the first five minutes I was underneath, and for the next five minutes the fighting editor was on top, but little wot he of my hidden weapon!

"I had committed my ode to memory, and when I had removed his hand from my mouth by biting his little finger, I recited the first verse.

"His nerveless arms relaxed their hold, and he lay prostrate upon the floor. Fired with the lust of slaughter, I recited the second verse. Ah, yes?" he concluded, as a policeman came up pushing a long vehicle, "that is the ambulance; I heard them telephone for it."

LEMONADE, DOUBTLESS.

To subscribe to a lending library is, of course, a very good thing for those who live in the country; so at least thought the Rev. Josiah Dulltauk, and, though his stipend was small, he never seemed to grudge the cost of his weekly consignment of books, which the carrier brought from the station each Friday.

One day the parson met the carrier driving towards the house.

"William," he said, "have you got my books all right?"

"Ay, ay," said William, without stopping.

"William," said the clergyman, "you seem to be in a great hurry this morning."

"And need, too," replied William, "ane o' your books is runnin' oot."

GRATITUDE.

Specknoodle had just started golfing, and, at the time this veracious history takes him up, he was disporting himself at St. Andrews with a maximum number of clubs and a minimum of skill.

His caddie was standing some little distance behind him, watching him preparing for a drive and wondering whether he had ever seen anybody quite so interesting outside a circus. But presently Specknoodle changed his tune.

By some marvellous chance he hit the ball, but not forward. It flew instead backwards to where the caddie was standing, and brought itself up with much force against the pit of that young gentleman's stomach.

"Good gracious!" said Specknoodle, as he saw the boy writhing in agony. "Here's half-a-sovereign for you, caddie."

The boy pocketed the coin, and the spasms vanished from his face.

"When will ye be comin' oot again, sir?" he inquired.

And the golfer wondered whether this was a compliment or an otherwise.

PASSING EXAMS.

THERE IS AN ART IN IT.

If you ask the average teacher to enlighten you as to the easiest and most certain method of passing an examination, he will tell you to study hard, to read the question set for twenty minutes before you put pen to paper—and so forth.

Either he doesn't know the art of passing exams, or he is deliberately deceiving you.

Exams are to be passed most easily by a system of strategy and deception, and I hold that such a course is justified.

After all, what is the worth of an examination? Merely that the passing of it gives you a degree or enables you in some other way to take a forward step in your career. All the things you have crammed for it are forgotten a few weeks or months after, so why bother cramming overmuch?

Don't think I want you to neglect your work; a certain amount of study is obviously necessary, but the great thing is to trot out all that you know, not to know a lot.

The man who can pack his examination paper with information, even if what he is telling is the sum total of his knowledge, is much more likely to get through than another who knows twice as much but lacks the faculty of thrusting it in.

Study the questions asked, and answer them as fully as you can, carefully avoiding those parts where your knowledge is lacking, and twisting in other information—possibly quite unconnected with the question—by way of illustration or as a parallel.

Thus you give the examiner the impression that you are a very well-read man.

Use discretion, of course. The facts which you put down must be introduced naturally, so that the device shall be unsuspected.

I recall the case of a young parson who had devoted special attention to the Kings of Israel and Judah, but the question asked him did not concern them at all, but dealt with the Major and Minor Prophets.

"Let us not draw any comparisons or make any invidious distinctions between these estimable people," he wrote on his paper. "Let us rather discuss the Kings of Israel and Judah."

And he proceeded to do so with great fulness. Needless to say, he was "plucked."

His information could not be used, and he was foolish to try it. I give his case merely as a warning to those who may be tempted to overdo the scheme I have suggested.

While studying for an exam, develop the faculty of mental photography. Read a page, and then look at it hard for a full minute. At the exam you will be able to recall an exact picture of that page, and, if the faculty has been fully developed, you will be in a position to quote much of it verbatim.

I know what I am speaking of, for I have sat at many examinations and have not failed in one; and I have done it all with a minimum of cramming.

Many men are foolish enough to let their health get run down with too much study before the great day when their talents are to be tested.

This is a mistake.

I don't say you can be in perfect training or in the pink of condition after a spell of midnight oil burning, but I do urge you to take enough exercise to keep you decently fit.

Without a certain amount of physical fitness, the mind cannot do its best work, and, as I have been trying to show, the great thing in passing exams is to have all your faculties about you.

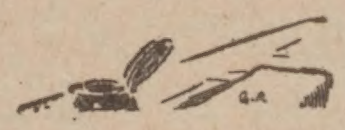
Bluff? I have not so far used the word, but I think it expresses fairly well the faculty of getting scholarships and degrees.

It is, if I might say so, honest bluff. You simply make up your mind to exploit what you do know and to hide your ignorance.

A. F. NEWTON, M.A.

A GUINEA FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

WE SPECIALLY INVITE OUR READERS TO CONTRIBUTE TO THIS PAGE.



THE USE OF SWEATERS.

As a member of a local hare and hounds club I have often been struck by the unreasoning way in which some men wear, and others refuse to wear, the article of clothing known by the not very beautiful name of "sweater."

Some fellows run in a thick jersey and wear a sweater on the top of that. The result is that before they have covered a mile or two, apart from the extra weight they have to carry, they are so hot and done that they are badly left behind.

Others again on the coldest day wear nothing but a thin zephyr and calico shorts.

They are chilled to the bone before they start. They get fagged out with the exercise, but they lose one of the most beneficial effects of it, for they do not perspire.

The real use of a sweater is to keep one warm before starting, and above all to ward off a chill when one returns, hot and tired, at the end of a day's run.

It is not meant to run in, unless one is only going to turn out for a gentle trot, or unless the thermometer is well below zero.

SONS OF ESAU.

The observant man can tell much, if not about a man's character and trade, at least about his strength by a glance at his hands.

His appearance will show whether he is muscular, the size of his chest and collar, and of his wrists, is usually enough to proclaim that.

But the man with smooth, fat hands is rarely a man of strong constitution. It is usually the man with hairy, sinewy hands who is tough and fit for any amount of hard work.

On the running track, especially, you have a good opportunity for testing the truth of this. The man whose stockingless legs are covered with a thick growth of hair, is generally the better athlete, and possessed of more stamina, than the man who is smooth-skinned and perhaps more shapely.

CLEAR SKINS.

No doubt you are often asked what is the best means of obtaining that clear complexion and healthy appearance, which many men contrive to retain even in London or the other great cities.

In these days of rush and worry few men, save the most wealthy, can spare the time to devote the same amount of attention to the care of their bodies as did the Greeks or Romans of old. Hence it is that we are so far inferior to them in point of physique.

But every man can and must give some care to his health, and by taking a little thought and exercise you can acquire that clear skin which is really only the index to your general state of health. I have invariably found that a few simple physical exercises morning and evening, plenty of walking, running or other exercise during the day, a cold or tepid tub in the morning, and an open window at night, were worth all the tonics and blood purifiers ever advertised.

Don't try to diet yourself; just avoid what does not agree with you, and try to cultivate an appetite for what does.

Health and a good complexion go together.

THE CLAIMS OF BILLIARDS.

It is the custom with a certain type of athlete, and athletes of all types are among the readers of THE MODERN MAN, to decry the game of billiards. I venture, therefore, to suggest some of the points in its favour.

I do not defend billiards as a game for Saturday afternoon or Sunday—those are times sacred to fresh air and vigorous exercise, but as a game for a winter's evening it is hard to beat.

It is a complete relaxation from your everyday pursuits, far more so, for instance, than an evening in the hot and stuffy air of a theatre, or worse still, of a club or public-house.

You play in a soft light, with the green shades above, and the reflection from the green cloth, which, so far from trying your eyes, as the glare of the stage is so apt to do, actually imparts a feeling of repose to the whole mind and body.

Your attention is fully occupied with the game, and your mind taken completely away from the cares and worries of business.

Lastly, it is even true to say that billiards provides the man who has been sitting at a desk all day with a great deal of healthy exercise.

If you wore a pedometer during your game, you would be astonished at the distance you cover in your journeys round the table.

I have never tried the experiment, but I suppose that it would run into miles in the course of the average five hundred up.

HOW TO SWIM A HORSE.

First of all, remove all loose straps, etc., that would be likely to get entangled with the horse's legs. Then tie a knot in the middle of the reins to shorten them.

Ride your horse into the water, and, when he commences to swim, let yourself slip off his back to the down side of the stream, keeping hold of the mane with one hand in doing so. If the horse has no mane hold on to the front part of the saddle.

If you find the horse wants to turn about again, just lightly guide him with the reins, but always be careful not to hang on to them, as it will cause the horse to come over on top of you.

If your horse is a good straight swimmer, you can slip off his back after he has entered the water and catch hold of his tail, letting him tow you across, any man who cannot swim can be taken across this way with safety, providing he lays himself out straight and does not struggle.

If a horse will not take to the water at first, he can be taken over by undoing one side of his rein and towing him across behind a boat.

USE A SAFETY RAZOR.

Some years ago I used a safety razor. Since then I have used no other.

I have watched my friends laboriously scraping, and often gashing, their faces with the old-fashioned article, and I have always wondered that anyone could be so foolish.

I have never yet heard of any man who had once learnt to use a safety razor going back to the old unguarded blade—unless he wanted to cut his throat, for I will allow its superiority for that purpose.

Yet there are thousands of men who still continue to cut themselves, and to take a quarter of an hour or more over a process which need not take more than five minutes.

THE GUINEA IS YOURS

If you send us the brightest paragraph received during any one week. Please don't send us dull paragraphs about the things dealt with in other weekly papers. They are out of date, and nobody wants to know about them. Send us something fresh—something that you would tell your pal, and that he would listen to with interest. That's the sort of thing we want. Just work it into a paragraph and send it along. It doesn't mean much trouble to you, and we shall welcome it; possibly it may mean a guinea to you, if so no one will be better pleased than ourselves.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Trooper J. J. Smith, 19th Hussars, Weedon, Northamptonshire, for "How to Swim a Horse."

MORNING SPORT.

Many men neglect the best opportunity for obtaining exercise with the best results to their health and constitution—the hour before breakfast.

Those who seize it often do much to nullify its beneficial effects for the want of a very little trouble.

Take your morning run, or walk, or ride by all means, but change your clothes after it. Put on any old togs as soon as you tumble out of bed—not necessarily running clothes—but some old suit that is on its last legs.

Then, when you come back in a fine perspiration, have your bath and dress yourself for the work of the day.

So many men make this mistake of taking their bath first and exercising in the clothes that they will wear till evening.

Others again do not feel equal to hard exercise immediately on getting up. That is simply from want of food. A cup of cocoa or a glass of beer and a biscuit will soon set the blood tingling in your veins again, and you will be fit for anything.

It oughtn't to be necessary to take the exercise to restore the circulation after the bath, but take the bath to remove the effects of the exercise.

FINGER RINGS.

Should a man wear rings? The answer depends very much on his station in life, and on the ring he proposes to wear.

Nothing looks so bad on a man as a ring set with precious stones, even the most costly diamond. The man's ring should be of plain gold, or at most, if a signet ring, should contain a bloodstone or similar stone.

There is no doubt that a good ring does set off a man's hand, which is seldom a thing of beauty, but the ring must be a good one. A silver ring, or still worse, an imitation gold one, is anathema.

Nor should a man, as a general rule, wear two rings, it gives him an over-dressed appearance, to which the rest of his attire does not usually come up.

But do not judge a man too harshly by his rings. Remember that they may have a history. That excuses everything. His silver ring may have been the gift of his sweetheart at a time when funds would not run to gold, his diamond ring may be a memento of the mother he has lost, or his two rings the gift of two dear friends.

It is always on the hand that we look for the symbol of marriage—owing to the old idea that a vein ran straight from the wedding-ring finger to the heart.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

The absent-minded man is usually the butt for a certain amount of merriment, and is more or less despised by the ordinary individual, who always knows what he is about—or thinks he does.

But in reality the absent-minded man is almost invariably his intellectual superior. The very nature of his failing shows that he possesses the capacity of concentrating his brain upon one thing to the exclusion of everything else.

It is not the ordinary, every-day man of the world, who never rises above mediocrity, who is absent-minded.

Sometimes, of course, it is only temporary worry or excitement which causes us to forget what we are doing. This may happen to anybody.

There is no reason, for instance, to suppose that the lady at the railway station, who kissed the porter and gave her husband twopence, was overburdened with brains. She was merely excited about her coming departure. Every woman gets excited over a journey.

But, as a rule, it is only the man whose brain is concentrated on higher things, or the genius who is responsible for the most flagrant instances of absent-mindedness.

Confound it! I have just dipped my pen in my teacup!

KERNAHAN VERSUS THE INVADERS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

I.

Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan, of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Imperial Yeomanry, looked on the fortnight's annual training, stipulated by a paternal Government, as little else than a prolonged picnic.

With a piece of chalk annexed from a luckless hotel's billiard-room, he had inscribed "Liberty Hall" in large letters upon the tent which he shared with two worthy Yeomen in the persons of Ernest St. John Topham and Robert Stephen.

These gentlemen comprised the talent of "B" Squadron, and the Colonel was said privately to admire the unblushing way in which they supported each other's fabrications—when occasion demanded, and that was often—alas!

They were a sad trial to Sergeant-Major Brighton, who was in the habit of forcibly objecting to smoking concerts held in the canteen at 4 a.m.—although Trooper Stephen was almost as good at playing the piano as at signalling. If the rest could not be termed exactly operatic singers, their voices certainly did not lack volume.

Kernahan had but narrowly avoided a heavy cashiering over a little escapade in which he had figured too conspicuously in the brevet rank of "Lieutenant." The incident, however, left him in his customary cheerful spirits. No one was more thoroughly delighted than he, when the news went round that the aforesaid paternal Government had expressly arranged for a mock invasion of the North-Eastern quarter of Blankshire—for it was whispered that the Gentlemen-over-the-Way considered this the weakest portion of England's defences.

On the Yeomanry encamped at Brynhilton was to fall a considerable part of the work of repelling the Invaders—this much had been publicly given out at the first mounted parade.

"Well, who's doin' the invadin'?"

The question was on every tongue when the bugles had sounded the temporary "Dismiss."

The occupants of "Liberty Hall" were the first to besiege the overworked but good tempered Sergeant-Major Brighton. He was as a father to the men of "B" Squadron who publicly "chipped," but privately adored him.

"Speakin' strictly unofficially, mind you"—the fast-increasing audience laughed. It was the Sergeant-Major's pet phrase—"the Sixth Battalion Blankshire Infantry, aided by their Cyclist Corps will form the aggressive force."

The crowd received the news with evident delight and ironical cheers. Now, between the Brermouth Cyclist Corps and "B" Squadron whose headquarters were situated in the same town, much keen rivalry existed.

"Speakin' unofficially—you might have called 'em the Brermouth Catshooters, sir!" Trooper Topham put in. The crowd roared, for this was the opprobrious name bestowed upon the Brermouth cyclists by "B" Squadron.

"War's declared at eleven-thirty," the Sergeant-Major said finally.

"And we've got to sweat for Colonel Blenkinsop's reputation," Trooper Topham remarked disgustedly.

The crowd objected. It was a chance fairly to "out" the hated Cyclists, who had of late became inordinately proud of their new uniform, which had caused flutterings in the hearts of the fair ones at Brermouth.

"Don't play the fool, men," said the Sergeant-Major earnestly. "For goodness sake do *me* a little credit, and remember that after eleven-thirty we're on a real war footing until further notice."

"War footing—by gum!" exclaimed Trooper Stephen, winking to his bosom friends. "Then trot out a beauteous selection of Red Cross Nurses to attend especially to 'Liberty Hall.'"

The crowd cheered with much gusto. The Sergeant-Major fled to the seclusion of his tent.

* * * * * * *

When the artless trio retired to "Liberty Hall" Kernahan was observed to lapse into an uncanny silence. He extracted a letter from the region of his chest, which he read pensively.

"Tell us all about it, darling!" said Trooper Stephen, making a grab for the supposed love letter.

"It's from the Adjutant-General Quarter-Master-Sergeant Charles Douglas Gibson, K.C.B., of the 'Brermouth Catshooters'!" Kernahan explained.

It should be remembered that this bosom friend (but bitter military rival) of Kernahan's, who practically "ran" the Cyclists, held merely the rank of Lance-Sergeant, but Kernahan had unofficially bestowed this string of titles on him.

"Old Charles wrote this to me a week ago," Kernahan went on. "He says: 'I hope you're enjoying your holiday with the Blenkinsop Featherbed Militia. (That's meant for *us*.) It seems a pity that we have never had an opportunity of properly whacking your lot. If *you* had joined the Cyclists you might have been a smart *man* by this time. . . . . P.S.—In the words of the poet, when shall we two meet again?'"

"Charles Douglas is a cheeky youth!" Topham observed.

"Um—you're right—'when shall we two meet again,' eh?" mused Kernahan. "He didn't know what was coming, Bob—he didn't know!"

II.

Now the occupants of "Liberty Hall" were "signallers." Trooper Stephen boasted the "cross flags," and the other two had aspirations to that honour. They had been "told off" to the high cliffs two miles beyond Brynhilton to transmit momentous messages in a secret code. Their horses were tied up to a convenient and solitary tree, in the topmost branches of which Trooper Stephen had waved flags, keeping his balance the while with the skill of a circus performer.

Kernahan and Topham, well versed in the code, were acting as assistants, reading the messages from the lofty station at Brynhilton.

It had been weary and dinnerless work. The sun was low down in the west when the flags at Brynhilton convulsively waved the final "V.E." ("Message ends"), which Stephen thankfully sent on to the next signalling point in the outlying country.

It was in response to a dramatic "Hist!" from Trooper Stephen that the others instinctively dropped into cover behind an adjacent furze bush.

Stephen slid down the tree trunk and joined his comrades.

"A Catshooter," he whispered, "manœuvring entirely on his little own, is climbing up the bunker over there!"

"Most unusual!" the others commented. Beyond them, a slight rise in the wild country led up to the beetling crag of a big sandy cut.

Kernahan, with the caution of a stalking Pathan, crawled softly up to the lip of the bunker. A glance to the left showed him the thin-red-striped knickers of a Brermouth Cyclist half hidden behind a knoll. Kernahan stole up slowly, unobserved, and checked an exclamation of utter surprise.

He was lying now on his stomach at the top of the knoll directly above the "enemy"—who was smoking contentedly!

Kernahan swiftly extended his long arm over the bunker's edge and gripped the Cyclist's "head-dress"—in accordance with the custom of mimic warfare. The smoking "Catshooter" looked above him in startled amazement.

"You turn over to us, as prisoner, my dear Charles!" Kernahan exclaimed, resolutely clutching the head-gear of the "enemy"—who was his best friend!

"Damn!" said Lance-Sergeant Gibson with a great depth of feeling.

The others, having observed the success of Kernahan's strategy, came up, smiling.

"Let me introduce you to our prisoner," said Kernahan suavely. "Lance-Sergeant Charles Douglas Gibson, D.S.O. What ho!"

"This is a totally unexpected pleasure, Charles," Topham remarked.

"If you had joined the King's Own you'd have been a smart man by now!" Kernahan observed sarcastically.

The prisoner looked unutterable things.

"Your word of honour and you can have your swanky head-dress, which is a hellishly poor copy of our forage cap," said Kernahan. "I'm sorry, Charles, old boy, but it's the fortune of war. You'll have to come along with us!"

"Unfortunately—most unfortunately—we've offended our dear Colonel," Trooper Topham explained untruthfully, "and you've got to be the appeasing sacrifice, I'm afraid, Charles."

It was certainly some time before the captive saw the real humour of the situation, which was, perhaps, pardonable. He was graciously accorded permission to fetch his bicycle which was carted over the other side of the bunker, and he returned in better humour to the trio.

"Have you any 'baccy, Charles?" asked Kernahan sweetly.

"Tons, Archie!" the prisoner replied good-humouredly, handing over a fat tobacco pouch.

The fraternity had tasted nothing but the fumes of canteen shag for days. They puffed for some time in well satisfied silence. The shades of evening were deepening over the hazy cliffs, when three Yeomen on horseback and a captured Cyclist rode back to the camp at Brynhilton. The day's hostilities officially ceased at eight o'clock.

* * * * * * *

It is sad to record that, late that night, a most successful smoking concert in the canteen resulted in a certain misty haziness descending on the usually brilliant brains of the "Liberty Hall" men.

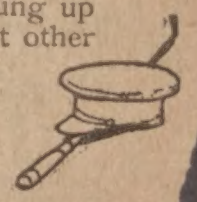
Troopers Topham and Stephen, it is said, were actually possessed of the erroneous idea that the piano top was the appointed place for slumber, while Kernahan put himself to bed without going through the formality of undressing.

It is strange that such a visitation should have befallen the members of "Liberty Hall." Certainly the wily Charles had stood them many convivial "rounds," drinking lemonade himself, to the disgust of everyone.

Suffice it to say that when the night was still and the guard was drowsy, a Lance-Sergeant of the Brermouth Cyclists was swiftly pedalling his bicycle in the direction of the encampment of the Sixth Battalion Brermouth Cyclists, but three miles distant!

III.

To this day Kernahan swears that he does not know precisely how it happened. He dimly remembers that a brisk sea breeze had sprung up and its shrieking probably drowned most other



sounds, for he heard no conversation outside his tent, nor anything to suggest the loosening of tent pegs. He merely remembers that he dreamt he was sinking in quicksands, and woke up to find the tent had fallen on him and that its canvas folds had enveloped his head.

He was some considerable time groping his way to the flap, for the spurs which he was still wearing somewhat impeded his progress.

He plainly recalls, however, that no sooner had he found his way into the open air, than certain fat hands which *might* have been Gibson's, seized him lovingly by the shoulders while someone else swiftly bound up his mouth.

He was lifted into a comfortable canvas conveyance which reminded him of the new ambulance which had been recently acquired by the Brermouth Cyclists. It was fitted to a sort of tricycle on the trailer principle.

Possibly the keen night air cleared his brain somewhat, but whatever the truth of the foregoing surmises, Kernahan positively states that it was none other than his friend Lance-Sergeant Gibson, undoubtedly escaped from bondage, who greeted him effusively at the end of the journey, which was the sergeants' mess tent in the Sixth Battalion encampment!

They appear, however, to have treated him kindly, for after favouring Kernahan with a most excellent supper, the menu of which he does not recall in detail, Lance-Sergeant Gibson offered him his own bed in which to rest his weary head. His friend even went so far as to assist him in discarding his uniform for the night—a simple operation which Kernahan certainly found somewhat difficult.

In the morning Lance-Sergeant Gibson refreshed his memory with a few facts ere he rose.

"Of course," he concluded, "we have no wish to rob the Featherbed Militia of such a shining light as yourself, and as operations are not officially resumed until ten o'clock you should have loads of time to walk back."

"That's very good of you, I'm sure," said Kernahan genially. "It would mean the very deuce of a row with Blenkinsop this time."

Then Lance-Sergeant Gibson burst out in a roar of laughter.

"The worst of it," he said to the wondering Kernahan, as tears of merriment ran down his eyes, "is that your uniform has mysteriously disappeared, and you'll have to return to your regiment attired as a Cyclist!"

Poor Kernahan entreated, threatened, expostulated in vain. His friend was adamant upon the point, and the only comfort he could give was that his uniform might be suddenly found and despatched to him before operations began.

It was no use arguing the point—he had either to dress in the hated livery or lie in bed until further notice. Kernahan chose the lesser evil. He had at least got his full dress uniform in his tent at Brynhilton if he could only get there unobserved. At any rate it was of paramount importance that he should return.

Therefore they attired him in a rusty uniform discovered among the odd baggage and bade him a fond farewell. In spite of all he walked along the road with a jaunty air.

Twenty minutes later the Imperial Yeomanry's outlying picket arrested him as a spy, when he was cautiously attempting to steal through the lines!

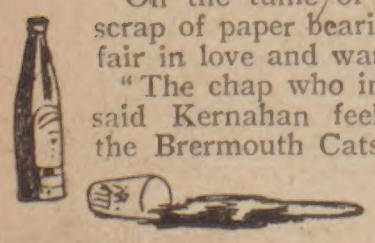
They refused to listen to explanations, but hauled him through close packed ranks of cheering Yeomen to Sergeant-Major Brighton, in the Orderly Tent. A veil may judiciously be drawn over that painful five minutes' conversation which resulted in several extra "guards" for Kernahan.

* * * * * * *

Lance-Sergeant Gibson kept his word, and a parcel, borne by special messenger, arrived soon after for Kernahan at "Liberty Hall."

On the tunic of the uniform was pinned a scrap of paper bearing the ancient legend "All's fair in love and war."

"The chap who invented that idiotic phrase," said Kernahan feelingly, "had never tackled the Brermouth Catshooters!"



CROSS COUNTRY HINTS.

THESE WILL HELP YOU TO WIN.

The great joy in cross-country running is just the sport itself and not the prizes which may attach to extreme proficiency in it. All the same those of us who are any good at the sport, cast longing eyes on these same prizes, and as, with the approaching close of the season, most of the clubs are preparing for their championships, I shall confine myself here to assisting you in showing up well in these competitions.

The start of a distance race is more important than it gets the credit for being. Don't let vanity induce you to sprint for the first two hundred yards; leave that for the novices. The preliminary sprint may look well and impress the spectators, but it spoils you for the hard work of the race. While the others are sprinting and tiring themselves out, content yourself with getting into a nice low gliding stride; you will pass them presently and will be fresh when they have covered only a mile or so, and are feeling they would like to go to bed.

When you come to a bit of plough, regulate your stride so that each foot falls on top of a furrow. In this way you will get along quicker and easier than if you took your spring now from a heap, and now from a hollow; besides there will be far less chance of stumbling.

Plough floors many a man who is a good runner over all the country. If you find your weakness to lie in this direction, practise over plough for some weeks before the race.

In negotiating a fence I would advocate another caution. First, of course, look before you leap, for there may be three rows of barbed wire at the other side that you wot not of. Secondly, vault in preference to jumping. The vault takes far less out of you, and there is less jar.

If you all have to enter a field over a stile which allows only one to pass at a time, try and get there first. It is most exasperating to have to stand and watch somebody else scramble over, while all the time you are itching to get on. The delay will spoil your temper—only to a very limited degree, let us hope, but even that will militate against your chances of winning, for in a race you want all your powers of body and mind, and temper spoils the latter.

Another tip in dealing with competitors is this: Don't try to pass a man when you are running only a little faster than he is. Keep behind him until you gather yourself together, and then go past him with a rush. If you go past him slowly, and keep just a little in front of him, he will hang on to you and use you as a pace-maker.

In distance racing stamina counts for a lot. It isn't a bit of good being able to sprint at the start and jump fences showily if you can't stay the distance, but staying power can be acquired if you put your mind to it a few weeks in advance. The best way to get stamina is to run ten or fifteen miles slowly twice a week and take plenty of long distance walks.

Usually the race is planned to finish on a mile or so of flat road. When you come to this lengthen your stride, and as soon as you come in sight of the finishing point increase your speed. It isn't safe to leave it to the last fifty yards, for somebody else may have been keeping more in hand than you have done.

Above everything, don't lose heart.

Remember that the race is not always to the swift, not at least to those who start in a hurry and can't last.

S. J. PARKES.

REASONABLE CHANGES.

Giving a name, indeed, is a poetic art.—CARLYLE.

I knew a case in point where Shakespeare was proved to be inaccurate. He said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet; in this particular case it smelt sweeter. The Rose I refer to was a gentleman who lived north of the Border, and whose chief characteristic was a very red face.

That beautiful song, "My love is like a red, red rose," was whistled so often in his hearing that life became miserable to him till he changed his name to Ross, since when he has used no other, and he has been wholly happy.

Where there are unpleasant associations connected with a name, or where it is likely to lead to the heaping of ridicule on the head of its bearer, one is perfectly justified in changing one's name and cannot reasonably be accused of vanity in doing so. Mr. George A. Touch, recently Conservative candidate for North-East Lanark, has just been granted a royal license to add a final E to his name. This is but a revival of the older spelling, and effectually prevents a mis-pronunciation which Mr. Touche resented.

For trade purposes a fairly uncommon name is a distinct advantage. John Smith is hopelessly mixed up with other members of that prolific family, but if he calls himself John Saxon-Smith there is not likely to be much confusion. A man bearing the name of John Smith, who is in business in a fair-sized town, is likely to have all the sins of twenty other John Smiths added to his groaning reputation. Rumours as to John Smith's impending bankruptcy will consequently be rife at all times. His credit will be undermined, and finally he may totter to his fall. Moreover his enemies may libel him in safety. They may say all sorts of unkind things, and, if taxed with the matter, can plead that they were referring to another of the same name.

With J. Saxon-Smith, however, there can be no such duplication. In the case of musicians it is almost necessary for them to assume a foreign name, for we have a national belief that no British-born musician can be worth his or her salt. Miss Ethel Liggins has recently assumed the name of Leginska for this reason.

On the electric tram system of Cardiff there are forty John Joneses, but confusion is avoided by having officially only one John Jones, and compelling the others to bear as a surname the name of their birthplace. One is John Swansea, another is John Caermathen. It would take several lines this width to give the name of the birthplace of one conductor, so they call him John Jenkins, and rumour says that he likes it not.

In all seriousness, however, the assumption of a birthplace name is a good idea for those who want something rather out of the common.

The cost of legally changing your name depends on how you do it. You may change it simply by reputation—by becoming known under your new name, but, if you are a man of property, difficulties may arise after your death in proving that the change was made.

By a deed of poll you can change your name in a more formal manner. In this case a deed is made out declaring your intention, and is lodged at the Royal courts of justice, and you must also advertise the change in the newspapers of your district. It will cost you about £5 altogether.

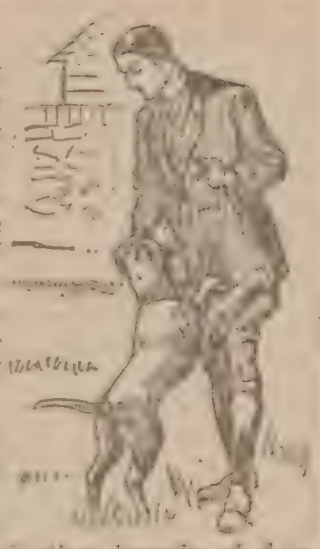
The most costly way of all is to obtain a Royal license, which will run you into £50. This license will not be given if your reason is a frivolous one, but only if you can prove descent from a person bearing the name which you desire to assume, and the onus of proof remains with you; it carries with it, however, the privilege of using that person's arms—a thing that cannot be done in any other way.

If a coat of arms is of no consideration, you will find the deed poll by far the most satisfactory method, for it makes no restrictions on your choice of a new name, and the cost is comparatively slight.

R. WALTERS.

Buy a Bull Terrier.

AND BE HAPPY, YOUNG MAN.



Every healthy young man is fond of dogs and would like to possess one.

Many a young man, however, cannot make up his mind what kind of a dog to go in for. Perhaps he has not had much to do with dogs before, or has had no opportunity of owning one.

To such a one I say buy a bull terrier, and you will never regret it.

Of course, I don't say that there are not plenty of other breeds of dog that the strongest claims to a young man's affection. Fox terrier, Irish terrier, Dandie Dinmont, and at least half-a-dozen others, each with admirers who swear that it is the best of possible dogs.

MANLY DOG.

But my point is that the bull terrier is essentially a young man's dog. I repeat, the healthy young man who has got a bit of dash in him.

First of all, the bull terrier is such a manly dog. He is above all things a fighter. I admit that his virtue of reckless courage is sometimes carried to excess and that his readiness to tackle anything that lives on two legs or four is apt to be a nuisance if he is not properly controlled. But there your happiness with a bull terrier and his happiness with you depend on your being master from the start.

Let him know from the beginning that you are "boss," and he is a very obedient animal, and your voice will keep him quiet even when he has been insulted by a retriever, between which breed and bull terriers for reasons unknown to me there seems to exist some special hereditary animosity.

You can curb the bull terrier's fighting propensities, and to a manly man there is a real pleasure and pride in possessing and being master of perhaps the most deadly canine fighter there is, for a bull terrier has been known successfully to tackle a tiger, and there is nothing on earth that he won't face.

Of course, there are other dogs noted for their fighting qualities—the fox terrier and his Irish brother. But they haven't the power of the bull terrier. Even the bull dog lacks his "devil," while the terrier is just as tenacious once he has got going. The bull terrier is, so to speak, the "Fitzsimmons" of dogdom; not a very big dog but tremendously powerful, and a fighter all the time.

TO THE END.

The bull terrier is faithful to a degree. He only most dogs—"yellow dogs" perhaps excepted—set an example to mankind in faithfulness.

But perhaps there is no other dog that completely fulfils one's idea of what is called "dog affection."

The bull terrier will never go back on you or his friends; he is yours to the death, and is ready at all times to lay down his life at your bidding.

Even then with all his pugnacity, he is really a good-tempered dog—always excepting the case of retrievers.

He is absolutely the safest dog in the world with children to play with. To you, as a bachelor man, this point may not appeal very keenly. But then when you are visiting friends who have children, more especially if you want to take a particular interest in one of the children of the house, you don't want to take a dog with you that may turn round and snap when a youngster pulls his tail.

On the other hand, if you love your dog, you want your friends to be his friends, and not to have to leave him at home every time you go on a visit to them.

Bull terriers love children, will stand any amount of provocation from them, and children love them, and are in no way frightened by their, I must admit, rather sinister cast of countenance.

A bull terrier, it is true, needs a lot of exercise. But that is as good for you as it is for him, and if you are not prepared to sacrifice some armchair comfort for your dog, you don't deserve to have one, or, anyway, one worth having.

Then if you are of an adventurous disposition and likely to go a-roaming there is no dog that will stand foreign climates so well. The bull terrier, I may mention, is one of the few dogs that really thrives in India.

WHAT HE COSTS.

As to price, if you want a really good bull terrier pup you will have to pay £5 for him. But you can get a good serviceable dog for £3 or less.

At that price he is not likely to turn out a champion prize winner, but he should certainly possess the bull terrier qualities of invincible pluck, tremendous power, undying faithfulness, and great companionableness.

It is these virtues that make the bull terrier the ideal dog for a manly man.

In conclusion, let me once more emphasise the point that you must be his master, or he will quickly be yours. There is no dog so quick to detect a "rotter." So if you own a well-balanced bull terrier he is really a testimonial to your character.

HARRY TILDESLEY.

K. OF K.

Lord Kitchener is one of the kindest of mortals, but he takes every precaution to prevent the world guessing it.

Not very long ago, while he was making a tour of Northern India, he observed that one of the sergeants of his escort had become intoxicated at lunch.

As soon as the unfortunate soldier mounted, he slipped from the saddle and rolled helplessly to the ground. Next day he was summoned to Lord Kitchener's tent. He had made up his mind for what was in store, and was trying to make himself believe that reduction to the ranks didn't really matter much.

When he came into the tent, Kitchener dismissed the escort and requested the officers of his staff to withdraw. Then he told the culprit exactly the kind of fool he thought him for taking strong drink at that time of day in a hot climate.

"And now," he said in a kindlier tone, "you most promise me never to drink again till after sundown." When the promise had been given, he continued: "You will go back to your place, without any further punishment, and I charge you, on pain of my displeasure, not to repeat what I have said."

Then he turned to work again.

The sergeant was only human, and in his relief at being let down so lightly, he told some of his friends all about it. Hence we are able to give the story here.

LIMITED KNOWLEDGE.

Simply because they know how to make money, the majority of millionaires imagine that they know everything else on earth. Not so Mr. Carnegie, however. He accepts his limitations.

Not very long ago he was escorting a friend round his garden at Skibo Castle, and they stood for a while watching one of the gardeners planting vegetables. Presently his friend suggested that the gardener was going the wrong way about it and that they should be planted just so.

"That is my own opinion too," replied Mr. Carnegie, as they moved away, "but I don't know. I have a few facts about iron and steel, but I know nothing about vegetables; therefore I let the gardener have his own way. Every man to his trade, say I!"

GARDEN ECONOMY.

SOME POINTS WHERE YOU CAN SAVE.

To begin with seeds. Most amateurs, in the endeavour to ensure a bounteous crop, sow their seeds far too thickly. Sweet peas for instance are huddled together one on top of another with the inevitable result that not one of the many plants reaches its fullest maturity. Scientific investigations have been made which show that when the seeds are too thickly sown the roots fail to penetrate as deeply as when the seeds are put in about an inch apart.

Supposing you have a certain length of fence which you wish to cover with sweet peas, you will save money and obtain a better effect by buying a threepenny packet from a really first-class firm and putting the seeds in an inch apart, instead of buying half a dozen penny packets and pouring them into a rut.

Excellent effects are obtained by planting annuals in clumps. The best plan is to bore some twenty holes covering a circle about a foot in diameter and into each hole drop perhaps a couple of seeds. Working on this system you require no thinning out and can consequently do with less seed and afford a better quality. The question of quality is a vital one. Much of the seed that is sold in penny packets contains quite eighty per cent. of useless stuff, and some is merely turnip seed that has been soaked in a chemical to prevent it from germinating and betraying its identity. If you make any complaint when you discover that the seed has failed you are blandly informed that your method of cultivation must have been incorrect.

The same applies to the purchase of seedlings. It is always worth while patronising the good nurseryman and paying a fairly stiff price for your plants. Those sold in street markets have more often than not been forced in a hot house and have not properly been hardened off.

The tempting offers of certain advertising nurserymen are to be disregarded. They will offer you an astonishing number of dahlias or even roses for a shilling, but, having tried their goods, I am safe in saying that not more than one of the dozen will grow and that it will be a very poor specimen.

To give you some idea of the value of these plants it may be mentioned that they are generally sent for a penny stamp. The advertisement leads you to expect a hamper under whose weight two burly carmen groan, and your heart sinks when the valuable collection of plants appears on your breakfast plate beside your morning meal.

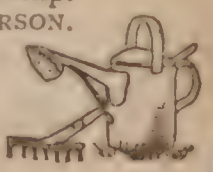
In spite of economical sowing it is probable that you will have a few spare plants. Instead of throwing these away, exchange them with your neighbours for other kinds which you do not possess.

The supply of manure for your garden is another point in which you can economise. The dung which you buy consists largely of unrotted straw which will not do your soil any particular good. It is infinitely better to let it be known amongst the urchins of your neighbourhood that you offer a penny a load for horse dung without straw; the load to which I refer is the fill of the box on perambulator wheels which appears to be dear to the hearts of these amateur scavengers.

Do not neglect the taking of cuttings. They can be struck from many plants and are extremely easy to root. In this way you can duplicate the plants which you like without cost. Remember also to save as much seed as you can, selecting and marking any bloom which has been a particularly good one. Not only does this save money but it is also extremely interesting and instructive.

Lastly there is room for great economy in the matter of tools. I do not suggest that you should borrow your neighbour's lawn mower, but I have in my mind the case of three neighbours who are joint owners of a mower. This system of sharing implies no obligation and answers the purpose just as well as individual ownership.

EDWARD PEARSON.



MONOTONOUS JOBS.

So lonely 'twas that God himself,
Scarce seemed there to be.—COLERIDGE.

From time to time you will hear your acquaintances remark that their job is so dull that they must either leave it or go mad. In most cases they do not know what dullness means.

Consider the life of a Highland shepherd. Day in day out, for weeks on end, he is on the hills in all weathers watching his sheep. At night he may roll himself in his plaid on the heather or betake himself to his solitary hut, but for days he will see no human face.

To the worker in cities this must seem the very acme of monotony. Yet the shepherd has an eye for the beauty of nature. The rain clouds on the hills, the moonlight on the water are ever changing, and to him they form a glorious entertainment. His dog is a companion, and his sheep constantly require his care and keep his mind occupied.

Let us review next the case of the man who fishes with nets for salmon on a Scotch river. He is one of a crew of six. Five sit on a bench in front of the bothy while the sixth watches from a bridge down stream until he sees a salmon ascend the river. Then he signals to his fellows, the cobble is sent out, the net trailed across the stream, and, if the gods will, the salmon is captured.

The manning of the cobble takes place not more frequently than six times in a day, and the observer without inside information might suppose that here also was a monotonous job. But there is to the salmon fisher all the lust of the chase, though he fishes for profit. He exercises only the same patience that is required of the gentleman angler.

The man in the signalbox of an unimportant railway line may be supposed to hold a dull post. But he has at least his garden to relieve the tedium of his leisure, and there is the ever-present sense of responsibility which keeps his mind active and prevents boredom.

The intellectual factory-hand will tell you that the monotony of his job is strangling his mind and his soul. But the average mill-worker is not intellectual. His labour appears monotonous to the onlooker, but it is not so to him, for if he is on piecework his one object is to get as much done as possible, and if he is working on time he is kept up to the mark by the ever watchful ganger and by the speeding-up of the machines. There is a total absence of the idleness that breeds monotony.

Let us try then the case of a City worker—the addresser of envelopes. This unfortunate is given many hundreds of envelopes, a bottle of ink, a pen and a list of addresses. Is it not, therefore, the essence of dullness to write out hour after hour names and addresses of people he has never heard of?

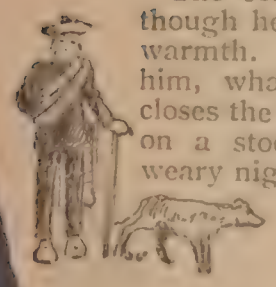
No. Probably he also is a pieceworker, and there is always a slight interest in reading addresses, for his face lights up from time to time as he hits on the name of a town pleasant memories of which come down to him from his better days.

If there is interest or hard work in a job it cannot truthfully be called monotonous. But where is the hard work or interest in the labours of the mine engineman?

Down in the bowels of the earth he sits watching the panting engine which keeps the mine clear of water. He does not even have to stoke, the steam being supplied from the boilers at the pit mouth above. By day he is isolated from his fellows, but what can be his feelings when he is working night shift?

The coldness of the mine numbs him even though he crouches close to the steam pipes for warmth. The silence and the blackness oppress him, whatever his temperament may be. He closes the door of the wooden partition, crouches on a stool in a corner and waits till another weary night shall have dragged itself to a close.

PETER GILCHRIST.



Sizing People Up

A horse thou knowest; a man thou dost not know.
—TENNYSON.

Professor Karl Pearson, whose scientific methods are beyond dispute, has asserted that red haired people are more conscientious and quicktempered than those of darker or fairer complexion. That is about the limit of his surmises or deductions in regard to character reading, but his theories have long since been carried to much fuller conclusions by various writers, chiefly women.

These have asserted that large ears mean one thing, small noses mean another, and blue eyes something quite different. Professor Pearson is too wise to pin himself down to any such assertions, for they are of such a nature as to be readily disproved when tested by actual experience.

I may state frankly that I have practically no belief in deductions made from the features. Our features are inherited, and are not of our own making, therefore they are not affected by our character, and can be no index to it.

THE MUSCULAR FACE.

The man who has a massive, muscular face is obviously the possessor of physical strength, and he will consequently be devoid of certain features of character that accompany physical weakness. He is not likely to be cowardly for instance. But the traits that we discover in this way are not in the slightest degree helpful to us.

The one practicable way of reading character is to study not the features but the expression. This is a matter of development alone, and depends on the actions and emotions of its bearer.

Hence it is an infallible index to his inner thoughts, try to conceal them how he may. The man who spends most of his time in deep study and thought involuntarily puckers his brows and assumes an expression of concentration, and so in course of years his expression becomes that of the thinker and to the seeing eye he is so labelled.

It is not necessary here to analyse the various expressions, for they may readily be recognised by any one. A child even can judge the character of a man from his expression, and dogs have been credited with something of the same faculty.

LOOK BENEATH THE SURFACE.

If we all wore our natural expressions we should be very simply indexed and our souls would be lying bare for all to read, but everyone of us practises a certain amount of dissimulation, and it is the penetrating of this which forms the first difficulty in the path of the student of character.

The great thinker not infrequently disguises himself under a veil of levity. Out of working hours many a University professor forces himself, if he requires forcing, to take delight in the most childish of pursuits; his face beams with innocent glee, and the expression of the thinker disappears. To watch the face of the scholar while he is expounding some knotty point of psychology to his class, and to watch his face while he is sitting in the stalls gently swaying his finger to the rhythm of a musical comedy is to obtain two distinct impressions of the man, diametrically opposed.

That is an illustration which might be followed up indefinitely. If its truth is once grasped much of the difficulty of character reading disappears. Allowance must be made for the fact that we are creatures of diverse emotions, and we refuse to allow our faces to fall into that repose in which our habitual expression might be observed.

The business man who is cruel and grasping may wear the expression of a philanthropist. The exercise of a little will power will enable him to maintain this mask during business hours, and his disguise will be further strengthened by his known reputation as a benefactor of various charitable institutions.

The student of character however does not jump to a conclusion but watches his subject closely. He may observe that the other is desirous of seeing more than he appears to see, that he moves his eyes rather than his head so that the fact that he looks about him may not be observed; he may talk in whispers though his business is not confidential.

THE MAN WHO LIES.

These and similar signs show that the person under observation is playing a double game. He is not the honest straightforward man he is presented to be, and the student of character unhesitatingly marks him down as a person not to be trusted further than he can be seen.

There is a fallacy that a person cannot lie to you without blinking his eyes. The accomplished liar can stare you out of countenance while spinning the choicest falsehoods. He is aware that it is necessary to control his eyes under these circumstances, but he is not usually aware that the lips also are capable of betraying him, and so he does not trouble himself to keep these steady.

Therefore when you are looking for a liar watch not the eyes but the lips. If they twitch you will not be doing your companion a serious injury by forming an adverse opinion concerning him. In laughter again we have a useful index to character. The man whose eyes dance mischievously while he laughs is never a bad man, an assertion which cannot be made in the case of him whose eyes remain cold while his face is suffused with smiles.

WARNING SIGNS.

Many a villain smiles and smiles and is still a villain, but he usually gives himself away to the acute observer by the fact that he allows his upper lip to curl sufficiently to exhibit the points of his canine teeth. When you see the canines beware of the dog.

The straight look is another thing which many writers have led us to believe to be an essential part of the make-up of the honest man. The straight look is frequently mere impertinence. If you were to keep your eyes fixed on those of the man you are speaking to for any length of time he would consider, and rightly, that you were trying to stare him out of countenance.

The best plan is to remove the eyes from time to time from his face, but not in the direction of the ground. Let them rest on some object about the same level as his head. The man who keeps his eyes fixed on the ground is generally a harmless and modest person, but the straight look theory has been so much exploited that his sentiments are likely to be misread.

It is extremely useful to know the real sentiments of the person to whom you are talking. You may be giving a man a piece of information, and it may be of financial value to you to know whether he is disappointed or not at the news. He may smile delightedly, but observe his eyebrows.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

There exist what Darwin called the grief muscles, which act involuntarily, and which elevate the eyebrows without your hearer's knowledge. If his eyebrows rise you may take it that he is disappointed, whatever he may say. Be careful however not to confuse this twitching with the voluntary raising of the brows in surprise; in the latter case the brow is wrinkled horizontally.

Finally remember that some people are ever changing their characters. They are ever modelling them by the standard of that of some friend, just as some men are perpetually setting their watches by somebody else's clock. It is this perpetual changing which makes character reading so interesting to the student.

C. WOLFF, B.A.

WEEK-END SUGGESTIONS.

To the man of money the problem of spending a week-end in the most enjoyable manner is not a weighty one; for he can afford to do as seemeth to him best. It is not for him that these suggestions are written, but for the less fortunate of mankind, especially for those who are in lodgings in our large cities.

First there is the young man who, after meeting all expenses, is fortunate enough to be able to set aside ten or fifteen shillings each week and to say: "With this I shall take my pleasure."

He is not what you would call a man of wealth, but he is certainly one of the well-paid, and he can afford to get away each week-end, either to a seaside town, a hydro, or a country village. If such be your own happy case, it still may happen that you do not know how to enjoy yourself thoroughly, for the art of enjoyment, like everything else, has to be learnt, and some men never acquire it.

Unless you are a very hard brain worker, there is no reason why you should loaf during this bright holiday; arrangements can generally be made for a good game of football, hockey or cricket with some local team, but whatever you do, let it be out-of-doors.

EVENING PLEASURES.

After dinner, not being satisfied with the theatre, for that you can go to in town, you might join the card party or Cinderella, now so frequently given at our provincial hotels, but if you go to the bachelor's card party, don't forget that things have to go on just as usual until next salary day.

Get up early on the Sunday morning, and have a short walk before breakfast, and a long walk, or, if funds will allow it, a ride on horseback. After lunch, stay in and answer those letters that are owing, and write notes or post-cards starting "Just a line," finishing "Yours in haste"; you've the time, so use it honestly, and don't tell even white lies—it's Sunday!

Have another ramble about five, but don't tire yourself out. When you come back, read and rest for a bit, or spin yarns in the smoking-room. At eight get outside once more for a short walk before going to an early bed. On the arrival of your shaving water next morning you will be surprised at your fitness.

Or suppose you are living like a duke on 30s. a week, all told. Your home is probably fifty or a hundred miles away, and even the railway companies' "cheap fares" won't let you go home more than once in six weeks, but try to go when you can; it pleases your people more than you know.

RELAXATION WITHOUT COST.

You will have to stay in town for most of your week-ends, your Saturday afternoon is generally devoted to sport, but if a fellow at the office asks you down to his place ten miles out, don't let sport—whatever it may be—interfere, the change will do your mind and your health much good, and if you cycle to your destination you will have the added benefit of the exercise.

If you don't take an active part in sports, go for a long country ramble; if there are trams at your disposal, walk by a circular route to the farthest terminus, and ride home.

Before dinner and a wash, don't go round to your club for the evening, but to a good theatre or music-hall, either of which will brighten you up and give you something pleasant to think about during the week, and neither need cost you much if you are judicious in your selection and not over fastidious as to the seat you occupy. Remember that you see the same play or hear the same music whether you pay half-a-crown or a shilling, and to the 30s. a week man the latter price has obvious recommendations.

Sunday, a dreary day at the best in "diggings," could be made much brighter by asking some of your fellow workers who live in town over to tea, with a walk, or a smoke and a chat to follow in the evening. Your Sunday morning will not be ill-spent if you stay in bed; it will help you during the week more than most people believe.

Even if things are not quite as you would like, you've got a lot to be thankful for, so show your appreciation by making the day different to others.

Try to strike up a friendship with a fellow who will go to church with you occasionally on a Sunday night, but avoid one of the snuffling, hypocritical species. Attending a place of worship will do you good, and give you food for thought, but pick out a place where there is a *man* for a preacher, and not one of the milk and water type.

SUIT THE SEASONS.

In the summer, reverse the order; have a late breakfast, and do what church-going you feel you would like in the morning, taking your rest in the afternoon, and having your walk at night when the air is cool, and you are feeling fit for exercise.

Don't get into the habit of spending every summer Sunday on the river; while an occasional trip may not be amiss, each Sunday spent in this way makes you forget it is Sunday, to say nothing of the expense.

Last, but not least, comes the working-man's week-end, the man who has to rub along on considerably less than 30s. per week.

His thoughts, almost without exception, run to sport on Saturday afternoon, football chiefly, and usually he is only a spectator; but even so he gets pure air, which as a rule, is more than he does during the week, be it in factory, workshop or mine. For the sake of exercise let him not jump on the tram to see a footer match, but walk there and walk home.

SAVE FOR THE WEEK-ENDS.

Do not jump to the conclusion that week-end trips are beyond your means; it is wonderful what can be accomplished by planning and a little saving. Put by a few coppers every Saturday; it's astonishing how quickly 5s. mounts up, and with that sum you can have a Sunday trip to the sea, and something to eat and drink when you get there; that Sunday trip is not such a heinous sin as some would have you think, and you can bring back pleasant memories that help the day's toil along.

Whether you are rich or poor, spend your week-ends in a way as different as possible from your everyday life. Make monotony your deadly foe.

GEORGE SCRIVENS.

FACING PROBLEMS.

What do you do when you have to solve some hard problem that demands the very best thought that is in you?

Perhaps you rest your head on your hands and gaze out of the window. This is a very bad plan. The very fact that your head is resting in such a position induces drowsiness, and what you see through the window tends to distract your thoughts from the point at issue.

What, then, is a man to do?

The best physical condition for a hard think is to be conscious of no physical condition at all. While the body or any exterior thing makes itself evident, you have not the whole of your brain force at your command.

The problem will be unravelled when you seat yourself in a comfortable armchair and smoke. Then the limbs are at rest, the nerves are soothed, and your brain is capable of doing its hardest. But don't sit by the fire, for that again will make you sleepy.

DANDIES.

Neat, and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reaped.
—KING HENRY IV.

There are some men who seem to think that slovenliness in dress is a sign of manliness, just as there are women who apparently labour under the delusion that they proclaim the strength of their minds by wearing unbecoming clothes and ugly boots.

I am not here concerned with so-called strong-minded women, but most of us know the ultra-earnest young man of the flannel shirt and square-toed shoes, who professes an immense contempt for the dandy.

Of course he is entitled to his views, but is he justified in them? What, after all, is a dandy? He may be defined as a man who pays much attention to dress, but he should not be confused with the fop.

A fop is a man who pays an inordinate amount of attention to his attire, which is a different matter from being particular, even very particular, about it.

I daresay some readers will scoff when I say that one of the greatest dandies in the House of Commons is Mr. John Burns. Nevertheless I claim that this is so.

John Burns is not a dandy in the sense of wearing a Bond-Street-cut frock coat, patent leather boots, and a silk hat, but he is a great dandy inasmuch as his famous reefer suit, his "bowler" hat, his boots are always scrupulously well brushed, and his linen spotless.

He is the Captain Kettle type of dandy, which prides itself on neatness and cleanliness. Then there is another point of difference between the dandy and the fop. The latter is usually eccentric or extravagant in his attire, or some portion of it, the latter seldom or never. Certainly if we look at the pictures of the dandies of fifty years ago their dress may appear unduly gorgeous, but it was not so at the time.

Your true dandy never goes to extremes; he is seldom a pioneer of startling fashions; he steers a middle course, and is concerned rather with the perfection of the details and accessories of his toilet than with making a striking appearance.

What we call the "well-groomed man" to-day was the dandy of fifty years ago, and for all his finicalness about collars and cuffs, and the cut of his coat and the shape of his boots, the dandy is usually very much a man. Of course there are effeminate dandies, though they are generally more correctly to be described as fops. You will find the dandy in the first flight with the Belvoir or Pytchley hunts; you will find him shooting big game in Central Africa, none the less dandified because the seat of his trousers has been patched with a piece of sacking.

You will find the dandy on the quarter-deck of the battleship, you will find him leading the "forlorn hope" on land. Some of the greatest fire-eaters and heroes the world has known were great dandies.

Many successful business men have been and are dandies, and the value of a good appearance as a business asset is well known.

Therefore it seems that our earnest young man of the flannel shirt and "awful" boots is mistaken in scoffing at dandies. He, of course, associates dandyism only with the habitués of Piccadilly, Bond Street, and clubland, but that is a mistake. The soldier, the private soldier I mean, is usually a dandy; so is Jack Tar, for all the simplicity and ease of his dress.

The baggy trousers, which possibly detract from his smartness, are necessary in order that he may be able to roll them above his knees.

Probably it may be said with truth that any man who has been disciplined is a dandy. Discipline teaches a man to take a proper pride in himself, which sartorially is seen in the attention he pays to his clothes, be they of broadcloth or fustian.

A dandy is generally a "white man"; your sloven often has a "yellow streak" in him.

OLIVER STOKES.

TWO BETS.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By CHARLES HERBERT.

The place—a house-of-call, not far removed from Fleet-Street, convenient to journalists waiting for the fate of "Specials" and "Pars" left in the afternoon with some "Daily" in hope of acceptance before morn, and equally convenient for finding a chum who would stand a drink when rejection left the pocket light and the heart heavy.

This was the place, and gathered together there to-night were a dozen or twenty shabby down-at-heel-men, as they had gathered, night after night, during several years, deeming themselves lucky if five shillings represented their day's work, fortunate if it reached two shillings and not unfortunate if it reached one.

Occasionally a passer-by, on the regular staff of some paper, caught a glimpse of the group in the bar, through the swing-doors, and dashed by quickly, muttering "Poor devils!" and all the more quickly lest one of them should dash out rapidly and request a loan.

"Poor devils!" they might have been, but to-night they were laughing in careless glee, for one of their number was retailing the way in which he had that day had the new editor of a popular weekly.

"'Used to write for your paper, sir,' I said, 'but—well—you know, there arose another editor who knew not Joseph. And it's been the same all round. Fleet-Street isn't what it used to be.' He told me he couldn't give me any work then, but he politely added, if I'd send anything in he'd see. So I told him I couldn't even afford pens and paper and ink just then, but if he'd let me a little towards getting 'em I'd write him a column and he could take it out of the money. I said I was sure that I knew just what he wanted. And he took the hint and *lent* me five shillings."

A roar of laughter followed, and some of the five shillings went in drinks, and while emptying their glasses, an innocent, smooth faced, blue-eyed, boyish-looking fellow (formerly well paid on a monthly journal till one day drink made him give an exhibition of pugilistic skill at the expense of his editor's eyes and feelings) exclaimed:

"I wish I'd some of your cheek, Trehearne! I don't believe there's a man in Fleet-Street or out of it you couldn't interview and borrow money from. You're a marvel!"

"I believe I know one fellow that even Trehearne couldn't tap," interposed Jenkins, a man who for shabbiness was the showpiece even of that threadbare group.

"Who is he, then?" challenged Trehearne. "Trot out his name! I'm willing to bet on it that whoever he is I'll get him to lend me something."

"Done!" said Jenkins. "How much?"

"Five bob to a drink! Now, what's his name?"

"He's a man just come up from the Midlands to Wrexton's, the big publishing firm, as their literary adviser, and when I knew of his appointment I waited about to get a word with him. But as soon as I began to speak, he looked at me with a cool stare and cut me short with: 'What do you want me to do for you?' I stammered out I was in want, and he simply stared me up and down and said: 'Ah, you look as if you ought to be used to it by now. Good morning!'"

"Brute!" said Trehearne. "What's his most unchristian and unlovable name?"

"Pinster," answered Jenkins. "Comes from Sheffield. And I bet you——"

But he broke off suddenly, for Trehearne's face had suddenly flushed and then gone ashen grey.

"Pinster," he muttered. "And—and from Sheffield did you say?"

"Yes," said Jenkins. "Want to cry off now? He's"—turning to the rest—"he's evidently had some."

"No, not me!" said Trehearne deliberately. "I'll—not—want—to—cry—off. I do know something about the chap, but that doesn't matter. I'll tackle him, at least I'll see. How long will you give me?"

"A week!" said Jenkins.

"Right! Five bob to a drink! Jenkins, I'm afraid you'll have to stand that drink."

* * * * * * *

Five days later!

"Seen anything of Trehearne?" said Jenkins to the rest that evening. "I'm getting anxious about my bet. It's funny he's never been in once since last Friday."

"Can't bring it off, perhaps, and don't like to own up," sneered another. "It's just like Trehearne. He's always so cocksure."

And the night waned and still Trehearne didn't come.

The fact was Trehearne hadn't tried. He had done many a thing that had pared down the finger-nails of his manliness and self-respect, but this was going to cut into the quick itself. Over and over again he had jauntily sauntered up the street in which the well known premises of Wrexton's were situated, but at the door his heart failed him and he passed on.

"I shall have to lose the bet," he muttered, this morning. "I was a fool to undertake it. If I'd only been sober, I wouldn't have dreamt of it."

But he was drawing near the great entrance as he said it, and suddenly, like a boy who has been hesitating by the side of a bath, he plunged in boldly, and asking for Mr. Pinster, sent up his name.

Mr. Pinster looked at the piece of paper on which the name was written and started.

"Jack Trehearne?" he muttered, indignantly. "How dare he? And after all these years."

"Will you see him, sir?" said the boy.

"Tell him I'll see him damned first!" exclaimed Mr. Pinster, with his fair face flushed with wrath. And the boy leaped to the lift.

But in another moment curiosity was at work, and just as the boy had delivered his message, a whistle sounded shrilly with a command to send Mr. Trehearne up.

Trehearne had grinned horribly at the first message. It was not unexpected and, as he knew only too well, not undeserved. But at the second he hesitated. What was the use of seeing a man in that fighting frame of mind? And he almost turned to the door; but the lift was waiting and with a shrug of his shoulders he sprang in, was whirled to the top of the house, shown along the corridor, and found himself standing face to face with a man who impassively regarded him as though he were a stranger.

What a difference between them!

Seated in comfort at the rolltop desk, there sat the man who was at this moment controlling the destinies of one of the largest publishing houses in the world. A sense of power and position showed in the very poise of his head, the reserve of his manner, the imperative glance of his eyes. He was well groomed, closely shaven, faultlessly dressed, and the man who stood before him, nervously clasping his hat, needed no shrewdness to class him amongst "The Broken Down."

Not a word said Mr. Pinster; he only looked, and appeared positively to relish the discomfort of the other, who at last put an end to the embarrassing silence by a sheepish "Well, Dick?"

"Mr. Pinster, please, Trehearne!" was the icy answer. "What do you want?"

"Help!" said the other, curtly. "Look at me and see. It's help I want."

"Help?" queried Mr. Pinster. [illegible] come to *me* for help. Man, I'd see you [illegible] ing and I wouldn't reach a finger to help [illegible] Starving, and I wouldn't give you bread. [illegible] out, if that's all you want. Have you forgotten Manchester?"

"No!" answered Trehearne. "I knew you hated me for it. I expected it."

"Well," said the other, raising his eyebrows in amazement, "then why come to me?"

"Don't you see that I must be at my last inch of humiliation before I could come. Doesn't it satisfy even *you* to see me like this?"

"It certainly is a pleasant sight," assented the other, sneeringly. "You're a drop scene."

"Then if it pleases you, don't you think you ought to pay me for the entertainment?"

Mr. Pinster sat back and looked him up and down; then at last he said:

"If I paid for my satisfaction according to what I'm feeling you'd have a heavy cheque. I'd like to see you hanged. So *you* are the chap that made me drunk as a youngster, and then told my girl's father about it and separated us. *You!*" And he almost spat out the word in his scorn. "Here," he said at last, jeeringly, "take this sovereign and go and soak yourself in drink, as once you soaked me."

Jack Trehearne picked up the sovereign that was flung upon the desk, saying dully:

"Thank you, Dick!" and turned to leave the room; but at the door he paused, for Mr. Pinster exclaimed:

"Why did you do it?"

"I wanted the girl myself," said the other.

"*You?*" returned Mr. Pinster. "*You!*"

"Yes, *I*. I didn't always look like this. And if I hadn't been fool enough to come to London and get on a paper that smashed and so dropped into the unemployed, I'd have got on as well as you. Luck's been against me, and it seems it's been with you. There! The entertainment's over, and it's cheap at the price. So long!"

"Then," said the other, hesitating—and it was easy to see the eagerness of the question—"you didn't get her?"

"Why," said Trehearne, amazedly, "don't you know all about her?"

"Know," said Mr. Pinster, "I know nothing. I'm too beastly proud to write to people who kicked me out like that. And I left Manchester in disgust for my own town of Sheffield. And I've never been back. For aught I know she'd married you. Do you know anything? Don't you ever hear from your folk?"

Jack Trehearne's good and evil angels strove for the mastery before he answered slowly:

"Dick! If you'd turned me out, I'd have [illegible] been tortured first before I told you. [illegible] do you a good turn now for the bad one I [illegible] you once. Elsie's still unmarried. I asked her to marry me soon after you left and she refused and told me straight she could never care for anyone but you. She's still at the old place—I heard from my mother, and her father's dead."

There was silence for a moment or two.

"Jack!" said a milder voice. "You've squared matters, telling me this. But you've taken six years' happiness out of my life. I'll start for Manchester to-night, and if I can get Elsie to come back with me I'll stand by you. Here's a couple more shiners, to help make you decently respectable, and if you call here Monday, perhaps—perhaps I'll find you work. But look here! It all depends on Elsie's coming."

"I'll bet you she does!" exclaimed Trehearne. "If she does—bygones are to be bygones, and you find me work—if she doesn't you're to stay my enemy for life."

"Done," said Pinster, and almost before Trehearne was out of the room he was whistling down the tube for an A.B.C.

That night Jack Trehearne took his drink from Jenkins and spent a good deal of the sovereign, then walked out of the place and never returned; for he won the second bet also. Elsie came, and Pinster kept his word, and Manchester fowk never knew the depths [illegible] Trehearne had touched.

THE LUST OF LIFE

Joy rises in me like a summer's morn.—COLERIDGE.

It is the first morning of your well-earned holiday. Tired out by the extra work you have been putting in for weeks beforehand, the minor worries of getting away, and the fatigues of a long journey, you have slept like a little child, and you awake with a start.

Instinctively you grab for your watch. Heavens! Nine o'clock. The hour you are due at the office. You start up, and then something unfamiliar about your surroundings strikes you. This clean, sweet-smelling room, bright with flowers and sunshine, is not your dingy London lodging. Gone the drab row of houses that used to confront you as you shaved. In their place through the open window you catch a glimpse of glorious sky, while a muffled roar of breaking waves reaches your ears.

And then with a sudden rush comes realisation. No office for you to-day, no office for two long splendid weeks. And the sea scarce a stone's throw away.

In a few minutes you are in it, wallowing, revelling, rolling, tumbling, dancing, diving, swimming, floating in it—the sea that you have [illegible] from childhood, the sea that never fails to [illegible] some far-off Viking strain in you, the mere sight of which stirs your pulse, and sets it bounding—the sea that calls to you as motherhood to a woman.

The day is fine, but it is seldom calm at Trearthen Bay, and the mighty rollers come thundering in—three, four, even six foot high ere they break.

But you have been a swimmer from boyhood, and you strike out. A coastguard shouts a friendly warning, but you turn a deaf ear.

The billows buffet you, but you buffet them back, cleaving through the waters with strong, resolute strokes. You are in your element; you are master. The lust of life thrills through your veins; you are no longer a man; you are a god.

And then you turn, and half swim, half float back to shore, riding the sea-horses like a Centaur. The sea is loth to part with you; she would keep you in a loving yet deadly embrace. But your strength is not yet spent. A short, [illegible] and you stand triumphant on [illegible], naked and unashamed. This is no [illegible] paradise. You have the cove to yourself.

Again the lust of life steals over you. Your heart is throbbing, your blood pumping, your lungs sobbing with your struggle. But you are supremely happy.

Prosaic though it may be, you think lovingly of the new-laid eggs, the crisp bacon, the golden butter, the foamy cream awaiting you at the cottage; you think of the after-breakfast pipe, the rug and a book on the cliffs, the game of golf, the sail, whatever recreation your soul delights in—the day is yours to spend it as you will.

God! It is good to be alive! You feel the lust of life.

Or, maybe, you are spending your holiday climbing. The stiffness of the first few days has passed off; your eye is clear, your foot sure, you are master of yourself and of the mountains.

It has been a stiff climb; a hard test of wind, and limb, and heart, and brain, but you have made no mistake. You are all alone, with none to share your conquest of the virgin peak. At last you stand upon the summit, like brave Cortez,

. . . . *Silent,*
Upon a peak in Darien.

Heavy clouds have been gathering, but you have been too intent upon your task to notice them. Then, with a sudden, blinding flash, a crashing peal of Heaven's artillery, the storm is upon [illegible] at you with whips of hail, [illegible] with tremendous gusts, storming in Stentor tones, ravening at you with jagged flame.

All hell is loose on the mountain top!

But again you are supremely happy. The thrill of conquest is still in your blood, the fury of the elements but serves to brace your soul.

You are no longer a struggling mortal, weighed down by sordid cares and anxieties; you are Ajax defying the lightning; you stretch out your arms to the winds, you turn your face so that the hail may beat even more fully on it; man, elemental man, runs riot in your veins.

Nature and you are face to face, and you are not afraid. You drink deep, and deeper still of the lust of life.

The storm passes, and you descend. Night has fallen, but you are still trudging along, alone with yourself, and your thoughts, alone with night.

Then out of the velvety darkness there springs up a faint glimmer—the lights of the wayside inn where you are stopping.

Your flagging limbs quicken; you forget your sodden clothes, that twisted ankle. You taste in anticipation the solid comforts that await you—the roaring fire, for it is autumn, and it is ever cold in mountain land; the dry clothes, the steaming supper, the pipe and chat with the good, simple country folk.

Ah, life seems very good then! It is worth having lived if only for such a moment. You taste the lust of life, and taste again.

The scene is changed: long since early morn has the battle raged, but at last the enemy shows signs of wavering. The stern old general's eye is quick to detect the weakness. Now or never, to drive home his advantage.

Standing beside your horse you have chafed through the dreary hours of forced inaction. But at last a sweating and profane-tongued staff officer comes tearing up.

Is it? Yes, it is. Stand to your horses! A few hurried orders, and you are in the saddle, trotting into the open.

The enemy is in retreat. It is your work to cut him up. His guns pound you as you debouch upon the plain, and his regiments form into square. That one is your mark. The trot becomes a canter, the canter a gallop, and then—Charge! What a moment!

Your horse is as maddened as yourself. You catch dim glimpses of starting eyes, of parted lips, of foam-flecked steeds, and infuriated men around you. But you forget everything in the supreme exultation of the moment as the foe looms up in front of you. Crash! You are upon him, hacking, cutting, stabbing, lunging, mad, speechless, drunk with excitement, but happy, deliriously happy. The lust of life, the lust of taking life! The lust of life, the lust of death!

Again, the scene is changed. It is the first meet of the season. Hounds have quickly found, and Reynard is "gone away," heading straight across the stiffest part of a stiff country. You are riding a new purchase, and you are mighty anxious as to how he will behave.

The first fence is an awkward one, but he takes it like a bird, and your heart thumps with joy and excitement. You feel sure you are in for a "good thing." And you are right. Your new mount never puts a foot wrong, and he shows that he has not only speed, but stamina, for—ecstatic moment!—you are in at the death alone.

You have cut down a field famed for hard riding. And as you pat your horse's heaving flank, what time the field straggles in, you feel that the gods have been very, very good to you, and you thank them from the bottom of your heart for this glorious hour of crowded life.

As you jog homewards, tired but content, you feel the lust of life again, and thank God that you are alive.

Again the scene is changed. You are on the deck of a great liner which is taking you to a strange and distant land, where you hope to carve your fortune.

You are alone on deck, save for the dim figure on the bridge. The night is stormy, but you love the sea in her wild moods and you go forward into the bows and let the salt spume blow in your face. The wild beauty of the scene, your insignificance compared with the immensity of the ocean, the thought of the perils and hardships you are going to meet—if you are a poor creature, they will overwhelm you, if you are a man they will fill you with the lust of life.

Up in the bows of the ship, out on the vast bosom of the ocean you are away from pettiness; you are very close to Nature, you are even very close to God.

Once more I change the slide. You are no longer a young knight-errant voyaging o'er the seas.

You are a grown man, and you have succeeded. You have fought Nature and wrested from her her treasures. As you come in from your early morning ride round ranch or station; as you pass the scene of some tremendous battle, of which the issue was life or death—the rebuilt dam, the now tamed river; as you near the gate and see the smiling homestead, where once was wilderness; as you look around and see what you have done with your brains, your hands, your thews and sinews; as wife and chicks come to greet you—then, or never, shall you feel the lust of life.

To some extent the lust of life is a matter of physical fitness, of that intense vitality that makes you inclined to kick up your heels like a young colt in sheer exuberance of spirits and health.

But perhaps the essence of the lust of life is combat. The North Sea skipper driving his boat against wind and weather to "catch the market"—he feels it, old and grizzled though he may be.

The cricketer who has got his eye in and is slogging the bowling in all directions—he understands the sheer joy of being alive. The Rugby three-quarter speeding over the line, the "Soccer" forward driving to goal with the ball at his feet and all opposition beaten—would they exchange such a moment for the wealth of Ind?

The lust of life is not a sensual enjoyment. It is the clean ecstasy of a strong man delighting in his strength.

The town stinks of lust: Nature is sweetly redolent of the lust of life. Have you never felt it? Have you never known what it is after a weary week in business to get away to seaside or country; to breathe in great breaths of sea-air, to lie on your back and roll in the green fields? Have you never felt the sap stir in your veins with the coming of spring?

Have you never faced death or peril for the sheer delight of adventure? Have you never pitted yourself against man or beast, sea or crag from pure love of contest?

Have you never gone down on your knees and thanked God for the priceless boon of life?

Have you never felt the lust of life, the ineffable joy of being alive? Have you never longed to be a poet or a great writer so that you could express that sense of the beauty and gloriousness of life which you feel so deeply?

Have you never felt the delirious languor, the exquisite sense of well-being that follows a hard day's exercise in the open air?

Have you never communed with Nature, unshackled and untained?

If you have not, then you have never felt the lust of life. And, of a surety, you have never lived.

NORMAN FRASER.

THE LADY-KILLER.

A MILITARY SKETCH.

Some, if not indeed most, lady-killers are most objectionable persons.

Everybody knows, and every decent man yearns to kick one type of lady-killer, the barber's block of an apology for a man, oiled, curled, ogling, eaten up with conceit—a disgusting creature.

Vandeleur—of course, this is not his real name—our lady-killer, however, was not of this class. He was almost as popular with the men, as with the ladies, which is saying a lot.

He was a lady-killer because he could not help himself—Nature had made him so.

Not that he was what many ladies would have called handsome—a term which the women are sometimes apt to misuse.

Nature had given him no more than a long, lean frame, a rather long, pale face, the pallor of which was accentuated by his dark hair, moustache and eyes.

But a purist might well have found fault with the shape of his nose, which was on the big side, while on the other hand his forehead was small, and not suggestive of high intelligence.

And, indeed, our lady-killer would probably never have made a fortune had he been born poor, instead of, as it so happened, having a very nice little income of his own.

But he was an "interesting," even a distinguished looking man, and—really there is no other word for it—he was such a "gentleman."

An army mess is not exactly a school for saints, nor do I wish to make out that our lady-killer was a paragon of virtue.

He had his love affairs—what man has not? He spent a large slice of his fortune on a French dancer. But the lady was well able to take care of herself and he never really wronged a woman.

I never heard him use a coarse word, or utter a coarse thought. Though we made fun of him, I am sure in his quiet way he exercised a good influence on us youngsters.

Yes, Lady-killer, we used to laugh at you. For you had your little weaknesses.

One of these was to pose as a sportsman. A "sportsman" in one sense you were to the end of your delicate finger tips. But you were not made for adventures by flood and field.

Nevertheless, none in the regiment had such an array of guns, and rods, hunting "tops" and fisherman's "waders," cricket bats and tennis racquets, whips and harness, sporting paraphernalia of every kind, as you.

Your hunting, however, was confined to a gentle amble on "Aunt Jane," as we irreverently christened your mare. We never feasted on the game you shot or the salmon you caught.

Nevertheless, we liked you as a sportsman; the pose was so delightfully transparent, and moreover you were always ready to lend your guns or what-not to anyone.

You were a temperate man, but you could be convivial on occasion.

You were an awful ass in some ways, Lady-killer. No matter how often you were taken in by the stale device of a letter purporting to come from some love-lorn damsel, the next bogus billet-doux, concocted amid ribald laughter in our quarters, would send you to shiver and wait at some windswept corner, would see you sallying forth with a pink gardenia or whatever flower we had selected in your coat.

But you were a real good sort. Those in trouble never appealed to you in vain, and you saved many a foolish youngster from the Jews, and worse.

I speak in the past tense. For alas you are no more.

They say you were the bravest man on Spion Kop.

I am glad the Boer bullet went through your heart. I like to think of that face the ladies admired so much, as unspoiled, unruffled.

We could have spared a better man than you, Lady-killer. God rest your gentle soul!

"CHINSTRAP."

MY NOTEBOOK.

MY VIEW-POINT. The other evening I was introduced to another proprietor of periodicals. He is a man who has amassed a great fortune out of the reading public, and he has been officially honoured.

Some of his publications have been rather hard hit by the success of THE MODERN MAN, but he is sufficiently generous-minded to harbour no ill-will towards me on that score.

"The best of luck to you, old boy!" he said, and I thanked him with sincerity. Then I was pulled up sharp.

"There are forty million people in this country," he continued, "and twenty million of them are mugs. I've done mighty well off the mugs for the past twenty years, and I'm going to do as well for the next twenty!"

It was a sharp shock to me, and I found it impossible to continue the conversation, for he and I were out of sympathy.

But his remark had set me a-thinking. It helps to explain why his weekly papers are tumbling over one another as if they were trying which would first reach vanishing point in regard to circulation, while THE MODERN MAN, thanks to the enthusiasm of my readers, is adding from a thousand to two thousand to its output steadily each week.

He is not in sympathy with his public. I am.

JUST MYSELF. Possibly you may smile when I tell you that THE MODERN MAN is an exact reflection of my own character, for its faults may be more obvious to you than its merits—but the fact remains. The spirit of the paper is myself, and I have made it so against strong opposition.

When the first number was in what is called "dummy" form, the publishers wanted me to eliminate certain features and to add others which would have made the paper more like other papers. My reply was that if they would not publish it for me as it stood, I would find other publishers.

They agreed to take it as it was, and I do not think that they have had cause to regret their decision.

Throughout, my policy has been the same.

I have said: "I like this," or "I won't have that," and features and individual contributions have been accepted or rejected accordingly. I have forced my personality into the paper, making it the very embodiment of my thought and soul, and by it I have stood to lose or win. Thanks to you, my readers, the issue has long since been settled: I have won.

You have justified my supposition that a masculine paper was wanted; you have done more. You have justified me.

SOMETHING OF MY LIFE. When I was sixteen—just ten years ago—I conceived the idea of THE MODERN MAN. I nursed that idea, elaborating it, but keeping it absolutely to myself.

Later there followed what I may call my period of preparation. I took a University degree with double honours and in record time, for I was spurred on by what I knew the future held, and I wanted to be fully qualified for my task. So also I spent three years in two of the great publishing houses, learning the rudiments of my trade, and observing where the publications of that time had lost their hold upon their public. My days there were not wholly happy ones, but I was informed in each case when I resigned that I had done more than earn my salary, so I look back upon them without regret.

Eventually the supreme moment of my life arrived, the time when I not only edited but owned a paper—this paper—and could put into it what I willed with none but my readers to say me nay.

Into it I put myself—all that was in me, my personal leanings and possibly my failings, but I trust that I gave and still give my readers the reflection of the character of a man.

To me it is inconceivable that a newspaper proprietor should look upon his readers as mugs. Personally I regard my readers as my dearest friends, for they have done much for me, and I say things to them that I would not voice. The pen is more emotional—more true, I would rather believe—than the tongue, and with it as medium I reveal myself, perhaps too nakedly.

I fear I am an unconventional editor in more respects than one, but when I write these notes I do more than fill my allotted space—I am offering up a sacrifice—a sacrifice of thanksgiving—to the ideal which I have cherished so long, the ideal which has made life worth the living.

In THE MODERN MAN you have me, just as I am. I know some of my defects, and possibly they are reflected in my handiwork, but I trust that I have my virtues also—simple and elementary as they may be.

I hope, first and foremost, that I am a sportsman, in the best sense of the word; secondly that I am open-minded, ready to find truth wherever it is present; thirdly that I have a simple faith in God.

As you like or dislike THE MODERN MAN, so do you like or dislike me. Its defects are mine: its merits—if you find it has merits—are mine. The paper is myself.

TO OLD FRIENDS AND NEW. The new reader, unaccustomed to my style, may write me down an ass for saying these things. Why, he may ask himself, should a man reveal his thoughts in this manner? I give no reasons. I have simply made the revelation.

To my older friends, my early supporters, it means something, because it helps them to understand the manner of man I am. I know that they like me, because they like the paper which is the embodiment of myself, and I am anxious that we should become better acquainted.

I know from their letters what sort of chaps they are, and I want them to know something about me. If the opinion they form is half as good as that which I have formed of them, I shall be perfectly satisfied.

WHAT DO WE PLAY MOST? A diligent compiler of statistics has been collecting facts concerning our popular pastimes.

He finds that, counting in all the clubs in the country and allowing for the boys at public schools, 570,000 play cricket.

These figures are not so very surprising. What strikes one as odd, however, is that only 520,000 play football, counting Rugby and Association together.

Football is unquestionably the more popular game. We read and write about it, and we watch it more than we do any other, but, so far as playing goes, cricket holds its own.

Golf is now running up these two pretty hotly, for there are 404,000 golfers in this country.

So far as spectators go, however, football is first and the rest nowhere.

ONCE AGAIN: WRITE TO ME. Once more I invite my readers to write to me, whenever they feel so minded.

I am not an encyclopædia, and I do not pretend to know everything that you may desire to learn; but generally I can either tell you, or direct you to the right source for information.

It is not, however, letters of inquiry that are the most welcome.

The letters I like best are those that are just friendly, with no other object; and I think my correspondents will admit that I always find time to send a friendly letter in return.

If you haven't the time to write a letter, send me a postcard. All I want is just to hear from you, so that we may become even better pals.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TWO MEN BOTH

BY M. SCOTT.

"All hands on deck to take in sail," roared the second mate down the fo'c's'le hatch. "Tumble out, quick, men! There's a storm not far off."

The watch below turned out of their warm bunks and scrambled on some of their clothes with many curses, grumbling and anathematising the weather, the mate and the ship.

Nevertheless, they tumbled up on deck smartly enough; yet not so smartly as to please the second mate, who abused them roundly for their slowness.

It was a pitchblack night, and the soaking rain stung like hail as it was dashed in their faces by the tearing gusts.

The green hand, half fuddled with the sleep from which he had been so rudely roused, mounted the springy rattlines gingerly, and was left far in the rear by his more practised shipmates, who went up them like monkeys.

Phil Trainor had been a mechanic, but with trade so bad ashore that he could not get employed, he thought he would try the sea.

He gained the mainyard, to find the others of his watch already lying out on it and gathering up the flapping canvas. Big Tom Groves, his worst tormentor since that wretched day when he joined the brig, was on the yard-arm nearest him, hauling in the outhaul.

"Come, move on ye, ye lazy swab! You should be at your mammy in the nursery, you should."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, Tom Groves, if you don't want to be knocked off the yard-arm."

Tom Groves—the giant of the coaster's crew, the admitted "boss" of its forepeak—gasped at the unexpected retort from "Young Molly," as he had christened the green hand at sight.

All the others within hearing gasped also, and looked up in amazement.

Had the worm turned at last? "Young Molly" answering back, and Big Groves of all men!

"What! You'll knock me off the yard-arm, will ye? We'll see about that, my lad, when we get on deck."

"Oh, we needn't wait till then. I'll fight you up here on the yard, if you like."

"Ho, yes, no doubt you would, with the mate looking on. You know we'd be stopped at once—though I shouldn't be able to do ye much hurt."

"You have my full permission to hurt me as much as you can, when we get back to deck—if you can, you contemptible bully."

"Damnation! I'll break you up, you cussed young swab, when I lay hands on ye."

"Perhaps—perhaps not!"

It was only the second time he had been aloft to furl sail, but Phil Trainor was no fool, and he had carefully watched how those on either side of him had done. Still it was by no means an easy task for the former landsman to bring up the reefpoints to the yard, pass them over it and tie them to those behind, with belly just resting on the spar and the feet swaying beneath, supported by the frail footropes, the fingers all like thumbs with the cold.

But the sails were reefed at last, and the crew followed each other hurriedly down the rigging. Phil Trainor was last down as up, for he was still rather diffident about the means of descent in the inky dark and with the brig rolling almost on to her beam-ends.

The watch below returned to the comparative comfort of the forecastle, while the watch on deck shambled into such sheltered corners as they could find.

"Now where's that infernal young swab who said he'd knock me off the yard-arm?" vociferated Big Groves. "Ah, here you are. I said I'd break every bone in your body, and I'm going to. Take that to be going on with, until I'm ready!"

He had taken his neckcloth from round his throat. It was soaked through with the rain. With all his force he swiped the green hand across the face with it.

The young man's face was deathly pale when he entered the fo'c's'le, but the wet cloth left a bright crimson band right across the white, under the determinedly glowing eyes.

If Trainor's eyes were fierce before, they fairly flashed now. With an expression on his face that scared the rest of the men, he flew at Groves.

Crack! crack! His fists resounded again in swift succession upon the face of the giant, who reeled back under them and fell up against one of the bunks. Then, with a roar like an enraged bull, Groves dashed at his intrepid assailant.

The green hand ducked smartly, and his right fist crashed in a terrific cross-counter into the big man's mouth.

It was a blow that would have knocked out many a man. Groves, however, did not give his foe a chance to follow up the advantage obtained over him.

Wheeling swiftly, he was on the younger man in a stride, and, unheeding the nasty smack on the point of the jaw that he got, he drove home one of his usual steam-hammer blows, straight from the shoulder.

It caught Trainor under the left ear and dropped him like a pitted ox. He lay in a curled-up heap, stunned and lifeless—apparently dead.

"That's taken the nonsense out of him. I've given him his gruel, as he wanted it so badly." But Groves spoke in a shamefaced tone, very foreign to his usual blustering one.

"Leave him alone, mates," he added. "I've only sent him to sleep quicker than we'll get there this night."

When the watch was changed at midnight, Trainor had recovered somewhat from his knock-out blow and was able to accompany the others on deck.

Not a word passed between the two late combatants as they dressed and turned out. Groves did not even look at his beaten foe, who, however, glared at him repeatedly, evidently ready to resent the first jeering remark. When they got out upon the deck, they found the sea running the proverbial "mountains high" under a thin pale moon that seemed racing the flying scud in the dark grey heavens. The brig was rolling badly, shipping seas in every part. The lifelines were already rigged up.

Phil Trainor, who had not yet found his sea legs, although he felt no qualms of seasickness, could scarcely walk upon the wet slippery and incessantly sloping deck.

It was towards the end of the watch, about half-past three in the morning, when the storm seemed to reach its height and a frightful cross sea broke aboard, making a clean breach through the bulwarks on the port quarter, smashing up the boat there and surging aft across the poop in a boiling, yeasty flood.

Groves, who was at the wheel, and the first mate were engulfed—vanished in its maw. It went over the opposite quarter in a roaring cascade, as the vessel rolled to that side; and the mate was seen clinging to the boat there, against which he had been washed.

But Groves was nowhere to be seen.

"There he is! Man overboard!"

Phil Trainor cast his eyes to starboard, and saw his late antagonist on the crest of a whitening wave, some twenty yards away.

His sheath-knife was out in a twinkling. He slashed through the life-line he was holding, and, gripping the long end, gave it a quick turn or two around his wrist. Then he leaped on the bulwarks and plunged into the sea.

The mate roared out instructions to the crew to bring the ship round, as he himself gripped the wheel and whirled the spokes over. Promptly the brig was put about and headed in the direction of the pair struggling in the water.

Groves was clearly in difficulties. He could not swim, it was plain, and was calling faintly for help. The ex-mechanic on the other hand was steadily ploughing a way towards him through the angry waves.

The waves washed them closer still, then Trainor seemed to glide up the glassy slope of a subsiding sea and fairly swooped upon the drowning man.

He twined the life-line deftly about both of them; and they were hauled to the vessel's side and dragged safely aboard together, amid the enthusiastic cheers of their shipmates.

They were helped below to the forecastle and placed in their bunks; and hot grog was quickly brought them by the steward. But the man found Trainor in a dead swoon. He had collapsed from weakness.

It was not until towards six o'clock that he woke again to full consciousness, from the sleep of sheer weariness into which he dropped after being brought round.

Struggling up in the bunk, Trainor glowered across at Groves, who was sitting on the edge of his, fully dressed and cutting up tobacco, with a gloomy, sullen expression of face.

"Are you ready to fight me again, you miserable bully?" demanded Trainor, scrambling out of the berth in a half stagger. "Come on again! You've not finished with me yet."

"What! Fight you after you saving my life? Not much! I can't fight with you after that."

"You must and shall fight me!"

"I will not fight you after what you did for me."

Trainor darted forward, snatched up the muffler Groves had beside him, ready to put on, and dipped it into a bucket of dirty water the giant had just washed in.

Then, swinging the dripping end round sharply, he swiped Groves furiously across the face with it.

"Now perhaps you'll fight me," he shouted.

The ex-bully calmly wiped the wet from his cheek with the back of his left hand and sat still, although his eyes kindled.

"No, I will not," he said steadily, looking the excited young fellow full in the face.

"Then take your punishment like the coward you are."

And, rushing at him, Trainor dealt him two swift and heavy blows in the face.

Groves's head went back with an awful bang against the edge of the berth above his, and, with a terrible groan, he rolled like a log to the deck. He lay there, a limp heap, with the blood streaming from a great gash on the back of the skull.

"Good heavens! What have I done?" cried Trainor.

He fell upon his knees beside the senseless man, imploring the others to help him to restore animation.

But Groves was not seriously hurt, and they speedily brought him round. As Trainor bent anxiously over him, he held out his hand.

"Come, Trainor," he said, "give us your fist, and let's hear no more about it. I'm heartily sorry for the way I've treated you. Let us be friends."

The ex-mechanic took the proffered hand; and was "Young Molly" no more aboard that ship.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

THE QUESTION OF CREDIT.

The late Mr. William Whiteley once remarked to me that he believed no shopkeeper could build up a large business if he gave his customers credit.

Probably he was right. The successful credit furnishing companies are mostly of mushroom growth and we have yet to see whether or not their prosperity is lasting.

You may ask in vain for credit at Lipton's, at the Home and Colonial or at any of the other branches of a multiple-shop company, and the same thing holds in the case of such great London stores as Harrods'.

At present it is impossible for a shopkeeper in a residential neighbourhood to keep out of the bankruptcy court unless he gives credit. If your trade is a family one and you refuse credit your customers will go elsewhere. If shopkeepers would only come to some understanding on this matter it would be an inestimable boon to all branches of trade.

In busy thoroughfares cash is of course the rule and a novice would be well advised to choose such a business in preference to one which depends upon credit.

Where credit is inevitable you must have some system of making it less advantageous to the customer than cash. Without question the best method that has yet been devised is the voucher system. You give to every cash customer a voucher recording the amount of the goods he has purchased. On the voucher is a printed intimation that on presentation of twenty shillings' worth of vouchers, goods to the value of one shilling will be given free.

You must not suppose that by this arrangement you are actually giving your customer a discount of five per cent., for you have the benefit of supplying him with the shilling's worth of goods and can do so for less than a shilling. Thus you are giving him only three or three and a-half per cent. discount. Add to this that not more than one-half of the vouchers are ever presented, and you find that you are giving your cash customer a discount of only one and a-half per cent.

Besides placing a check on your credit customers, this system is highly beneficial to trade. You induce a customer to come to you for other supplies in order to raise the amount of his vouchers to an even sum, when otherwise he would have perhaps gone to some other dealer. It is a much better plan than giving trading stamps for you are yourself supplying the customer with goods for his vouchers instead of allowing an outside company to exploit you in doing so.

That applies to cases where credit must be given. Where your trade is chiefly cash you should set your face steadfastly against giving credit at all.

I was chatting the other day with a shopkeeper in a country town; he deals in tobacco and sweets. I asked him whether he ever gave credit, and he told me that he was frequently obliged to do so to avoid losing a customer. A man of some position would call at his shop and order a pound of some expensive brand of tobacco or a large box of chocolate, either of which would have to be sent for. When they arrived the dealer would deliver these at the customer's house and would trust to the customer's honesty in paying for them. I asked him whether he found that giving credit paid him on the whole and he admitted candidly that he was actually out of pocket by it, taking an average for the past two years.

He imagined that he would have lost still more had he refused these people credit for they would have taken their ready money custom, which amounted to a considerable sum in the course of a year, elsewhere.

I pointed out to him that they could scarcely do this, as he was the only tobacconist and the only sweet dealer of any pretensions in the place, and by the end of our conversation he accepted my views and declared that he would not give credit in the future no matter whom he should offend.

The truth was I fear that he had never till that moment fully considered the question at all. He had followed a policy of drift, forgetting that he was waging a campaign for money.

It is the hardest thing in the world for a shopkeeper to recover money from a customer. He may summons him and may be granted an order, but the customer will generally succeed in representing himself as a very poor man and the payments will be scattered over a number of years.

It is not a matter of much difficulty in many cases to prevent bills running up. I have a village newsagent in my mind. By following a policy of slackness he has allowed many of his customers to owe him each several pounds for their morning papers, and fifty per cent. of his money he is never likely to see. He is the only newsagent in the village, and it would have been the easiest thing in the world for him to send an intimation to each new customer that accounts must be settled weekly or he could not supply the papers in future.

Courteously worded, such an announcement could not give offence. It would lose him a few customers, but those would be men who would otherwise take their papers from him for years without paying a farthing—customers that no tradesman desires to keep.

Cycle dealers have been flooding the country with bicycles on the easy payment system, which is a modern development of credit, but which has I believe seen its best days. At a recent meeting of an important cycle company at Coventry the chairman stated that the directors had decided not to encourage the instalment system to any greater extent than they had done already. Another large company has definitely offered to abolish the system altogether, if the other companies will agree to follow suit.

The advantages of cash over credit may be thus summarised:

(1) On the cash system you can work with a very much smaller capital.
(2) You have no book-keeping worries or expenses.
(3) Your capital is not tied up in book debts, and you always have enough cash in hand to pay your wholesaler promptly, and you can thus get much better terms.
(4) There is no possibility of bad debts.
(5) Having cash in hand you are in a position to buy any bargain that may be offered in your own line at the cheapest rate.

These considerations should weigh with the man who is starting a new business and is undecided which policy to adopt.

The great thing is to have a definite policy. Rubbing along anyhow, is not good enough in these days of competition.

I know some men who are, or say they are, too busy to look into their books. It would pay them to take an afternoon off and do it.

Hard work does not make a fortune unless it is directed in certain well-laid-out channels. You must think about things as well as do them.

TRAVELLERS' COMMISSION.

EXPOSURE OF A COMMERCIAL ABUSE.

To establish a business costs money. However good the commodity of a manufacturer may be he must lay out a considerable amount of capital in finding a sale for it—that is if he is to work on legitimate lines.

A new system, and a highly iniquitous one, has recently been devised, however, whereby the manufacturer saves himself the expense of paying travellers to break new ground for him. Instead of paying their salaries and expenses, and contenting himself with practically no return till they can build up a connection, he advertises for commercial travellers to work on commission alone. Let us take a case in point. A traveller, down on his luck, is persuaded to take up a commodity on a 10 per cent. commission. The first week he manages to sell £10 worth of it, his commission thus being £1, while his expenses would be about £2 10s. He is thus £1 10s. out of pocket. The next week he does a little better and is perhaps only £1 out of pocket, and so on it goes till at the end of six months he is perhaps actually earning £2 or £3 a week.

It is then that the rascality of this class of manufacturer blossoms forth in all its nakedness, and he sets about depriving the traveller of the fruits of his enterprise.

Sometimes the manufacturer writes to the various customers informing them that he will give them a discount of 2½ per cent. if they will send their orders direct to the firm. The saving to the customer is obvious, and the manufacturer puts an additional 7½ per cent. into his own pocket, but the unlucky traveller is cheated out of his due.

The other plan is to inform the traveller that he must now accept a smaller commission, that he must in fact be content with 5 per cent. instead of 10. If the traveller refuses to agree to these terms, he is dismissed and another man taken on at the reduced figure.

No respectable house would of course build up a connection on such shady conditions as these, and the trade is fairly well guarded, because there is amongst commercial travellers a sort of freemasonry and the misdeeds of a manufacturer quickly become known, and he is barred by all self-respecting bagmen.

The rapacious manufacturer, however, does not trouble himself very much at having the services of qualified men denied him. He advertises in the usual mediums, and as this is a line of work which can be done without very much experience he has generally plenty of applications.

The more the pity!

Let me caution all readers to beware of the species of advertisement which announces that so many pounds a week can be made by an enterprising man. Labour has a certain recognised reward, and if the sum mentioned could really be earned, there would be no need for these advertisements to be inserted so frequently. As a matter of fact these firms exploit each applicant, actually making a large proportion of their profits out of the losses of their servants.

Above all things let me caution those who are tempted by these baits to avoid the small article for which extensive sales cannot be made. Take as an instance penny tins of boot polish. To make a living wage of 30s. a week at 10 per cent. commission you would require to sell 33,600 of these boxes during the six working days; a little consideration will show whether or not it is likely that you will succeed in doing so.

Many supposedly reputable firms employ travellers to work up the sales in a certain district, and, as soon as orders begin to come in, dismiss the traveller and allow their van men to collect further orders. The one safeguard here, as in all such cases, is to have a properly executed agreement signed and stamped, by which the traveller can be assured of reaping the benefit of his labours.

F. WHITELOCKE.

WEST-END PESTS, OF WHOM THE VISITOR TO LONDON MUST BEWARE.

Confidence Tricksters

The man who works the confidence trick is invariably a person who might describe himself, in applying for a situation, as "of good address." Sometimes he is an ex-Army officer, and still more frequently he is a scamp who has either deserted from the Army or been kicked out of it, while there are instances where confidence tricksters have been ex-policemen. The discipline has set them up and given them a gentlemanly carriage; practice supplies glibness of tongue; and nature supplies the flats.

Mr. Hoskinson, a Durban engineer, was recently spending a holiday in London when, close to Waterloo Station, a man giving the name of Vinson and claiming to be a fellow Colonial, struck up acquaintance with him.

Presently they met a man whom Vinson introduced as Morgan, and while the three were having refreshment in a public house a stranger entered and began to talk with them. He said his name was Fenton, and mentioned that he had been empowered under the terms of his uncle's will to make a present of money to anyone who had amassed substantial savings.

HIS £200

Vinson said he had £1,600, Morgan claimed to have £150, while Mr. Hoskinson admitted that he had brought £200 with him from Natal. Fenton invited them to meet him later in the day when he was to give each £1 for every pound of his savings.

Mr. Hoskinson drew from the bank two £100 notes, and at the meeting which followed each man produced the sum he had mentioned, the various notes being placed in a hat. Fenton had been bragging about his skill in card-playing and Vinson now challenged him to play for the sum in the hat.

Of course Fenton won, and, after he had pocketed the notes he announced that he had an important engagement and must leave. Mr. Hoskinson protested, but Vinson assured him that the loss was his, and that he would restore the £200 if Mr. Hoskinson would meet him at a certain place in the evening. None of the three conspirators has since been seen; neither has the £200.

GOING SLUMMING.

A favourite scheme is for the trickster to announce to his intended victim that he is going slumming in the East-End. He generally asserts that his party is to be conducted by a gentleman whose knowledge of seamy London is indisputable.

The guide points out to the company that he will not be responsible for their valuables unless they give them into his personal care, as the quarter they are visiting is dangerous. The rest of the gang immediately surrender their jewellery and money, and the victim in nine cases out of ten does the same thing.

Then they drive off in cabs to Whitechapel, but presently the vehicles of the other conspirators are lost to view, and the victim's original friend suggests that they stop their own cab and go in search of them. He himself then disappears leaving the pigeon featherless but wise.

One class of confidence tricksters specialise in betting, or at least pretending to bet. Faultlessly dressed, they frequent those hotels and restaurants which are patronised chiefly by Colonial visitors. They pretend to be owners of racehorses and to know of an "uncommonly good thing."

There is no hurry or rush, and they appear extremely reluctant to disclose their secret, but at length they confide to their dupe that the horse that is going to win is So-and-so. One swindler hands the other some gigantic sum, say £1,000, to place for him on this horse, and the victim in most cases requests that he also may be allowed to put on something between a fiver and £500. They pretend that they cannot do so, but at length consent with apparent reluctance. That is the last that is seen of them.

A man will make friends with a stranger and invite him to have a drink. While they are so engaged, in walks a third man who apparently is unknown to the other swindler. He joins in the conversation and by and by announces that he has just received £5,000 as damages in a law suit.

GOOD ADVICE GRATIS.

He shows the money in a pocket-book, and the first swindler warns him not to display his wealth like that as there are so many bad characters about. In return for this advice, the new arrival invites his colleague and the stranger to lunch, and, when the wine has made them mellow, he remarks on the strange manner in which they made their acquaintance, and comments on how firm their friendship has become.

"I don't know," replies the other fraud. "It's all very well for you to talk about friendship, but I don't believe you'd trust me with a £20 note."

"Oh, yes, I would," replies the other. "Here's a £100 note. Go out and have a drink and I'll wait here till you come back with it."

The stranger is invited to entrust the swindler with a similar amount, and, if he does so, the man of course disappears and his friend also eventually vanishes. This trick, simple as it is, is worked off many times in the course of every week.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

The countryman arriving at a London terminus and wearing a heavy gold watch-chain is almost certain to be accosted by a sharper who, after making himself agreeable, will warn the visitor of the extreme danger of carrying about such a tempting piece of jewellery.

The victim admits the soundness of the argument and wonders where he can deposit his watch and chain in safety. As they walk along together the swindler says: "My office is in the next street. You can leave it there over night if you like."

The gold watch, and possibly the chain, is then handed over. The swindler runs up the stairs of an office where he is absolutely unknown, pockets the valuables and returns with the assurance that they will be perfectly safe.

Then he parts company with the countryman as soon as possible. STUART FREEMAN.

ROSEBERY'S LITTLE JOKE.

During a recent visit to Paris Lord Rosebery was spotted by a French reporter, who immediately introduced himself and tried to tap his lordship on the subject of British politics. Lord Rosebery listened patiently for a while; then he said with the utmost coolness:

"I fear that monsieur will be disappointed to learn that I know little of British politics, perhaps less than that gentleman of whom monsieur has doubtless heard—the man in the street. It is obvious to me that monsieur has mistaken me for some other person, probably for Lord Rosebery, whom, I have heard, I closely resemble."

And, completely hoodwinked, the journalist closed his notebook and departed.

CLUB NICKNAMES.

Why, oh why, do they call me this.—MASSEY.

Footballers get their nicknames from their colleagues and rivals; football clubs get theirs for the most part from football reporters. To refer to the Aston Villa team again and again in the course of a report would make dull reading, so some genius hit on the word "Villans," which was not only brief but humorous.

At one time the Stoke team were called "The Stokers," but that was quickly changed for "The Potters," an allusion to Stoke's supremacy in this particular trade; in the same way the Grimsby team are known as "The Fishermen," and the Everton as "The Toffeeites."

The fame of Norwich as a breeding place for canaries is reflected in the nickname of the Norwich City team, which is generally referred to as "The Canaries." Millwall again are called "The Dockers," Sheffield Wednesday, "The Blades," and Woolwich Arsenal, "The Gunners."

A playful allusion to Scotland's national motto is contained in the nickname of Partick Thistle, who are generally known as "The Jags." Another famous Scotch team, the Paisley St. Mirren, are known as "The Buddies," for every Scotchman who is not himself a native of Paisley refers contemptuously to a native of that town as a Paisley body.

Burns once wrote of "Auld Ayr wham ne'er a toon surpasses, for honest men and bonny lasses," and in allusion to this the Ayr team is known as "The Honest Men." Dundee, who are also capable of giving a good account of themselves, are known to friends and foes alike as "The Bonnets," in allusion to that fine old song about the bonnets of bonny Dundee.

The Wolverhampton Wanderers are known as "The Wolves"; and another wandering club, the Bolton Wanderers, are called familiarly "The Trotters."

It seems difficult at first to know why Fulham should be called "The Cottagers," but Fulham's ground is situated at Craven Cottage, which explains. So, also, the reason for calling the Plymouth Argyle "The Pilgrims" is not at first apparent. History relates, however, that the Pilgrim Fathers embarked at this town, so once more the sobriquet has been given with good reason.

Queen's Park, Scotland's famous team, has had in its time many nicknames. Once they were called "The Spiders," in allusion, it is said, to the physical leanness of the men. Later on they were known as "The Blazers," and to-day they are commonly alluded to as "Q.P."

Several clubs have the word City embodied in their official names, but to Manchester City alone has been given the dignified name of "The Citizens." The nickname "Pensioners," which Chelsea have so long borne, mirrors the fact that the famous Chelsea hospital is the best known place in that particular district.

Derby County are known everywhere as "The Peakites," the origin of which is pretty obvious. So also Sunderland bear the name of "Wearsiders," and Middlesbrough that of "Teessiders."

The name Leicester Fosse smacks of the Middle Ages, and they have received the appropriate sobriquet of "The Ancients."

The Third Lanark was founded originally by a Volunteer regiment, and they have appropriately been dubbed "The Scarlet Runners." They prefer to be known as "The Warriors," a title which, though more complimentary, is less humorous, and has consequently failed to catch on.

There are some nicknames, however, which appear to defy explanation. That Bury should be called "The Shakers," that Notts County should be known as "The Lambs," that West Bromwich Albion should be called "The Throstles," afford interesting subjects of inquiry for those who have a bent in this direction.

A complete list of the nicknames of clubs would be a gigantic undertaking, for their name is legion, but it would interest thousands of enthusiasts. F. WATSON.

The SOLVER

AN UNIQUE SERIES OF DRAMATIC COMPLETE STORIES.

By H. CLAY-BUCKINGHAM.

VI. THE TREFILAN MYSTERY.

The cases in which I followed the investigations of Page remain fixed in my memory because of the absorbing interest which I took in them at the time. There was one however where I played something more than the part of a mere observer, where I was in actual danger of my life.

It was while we were sitting together one evening smoking and chatting, that Page's landlady brought in a card bearing the impressive inscription "Lord Aberowan" and a minute later the owner of the card and title was shown into the room.

He was a young man, not more than five and twenty I should imagine, and the possessor of a face which, while it showed a certain amount of intelligence, had as its dominant characteristic a frank unsuspicious expression that could scarcely fail to win one's liking.

"I have come to you, Mr. Page," he began, "because I want you to unravel the mystery of the murder of my friend Harry Gilman. As you doubtless recollect he met his death a week ago while staying with us at my father's place, Trefilan Castle, in Wales."

Page intimated that he remembered the case perfectly.

"He and I," continued the young man, "had long been friends, and I can scarcely tell you how heavily the blow has struck me, especially considering the circumstances of his death. The police have so far been unable to obtain any clue as to the identity of the murderer, but I am determined that he shall be brought to book. Apart altogether from my natural desire to avenge my friend, I have a distinctly personal reason for desiring the elucidation of the mystery.

"Gilman was extremely wealthy and without a relative in the world. It now transpires that he has left the whole of his fortune to me, and if the author of the crime is not discovered it is likely that grave suspicion will be cast upon myself, seeing how much I have benefited by his death."

Page explained to him that the case would necessarily be difficult owing to the lapse of time, but assured his lordship that he would be happy to come down to Wales and look into the matter.

"Possibly," he added, "you would have no objection to my friend here coming also. He takes a great interest in my cases and has on several occasions assisted me materially."

"We shall be delighted to have you both," said the visitor, "but I must make one stipulation. It is that you come as my personal friends. If my father had the faintest suspicion that you were a detective, he would refuse you admission to the place. I have urged him again and again to employ some more competent investigator than the official who has the case in hand, but he has persistently refused."

Page was always ready to set off anywhere at a moment's notice, and as a journalist I had long since acquired the same faculty. The three of us travelled together by a night train, reaching Lampeter in the heart of Wales the following morning.

Before setting out Lord Aberowan had telegraphed to his father, and a motor-car met us at the station. Trefilan Castle was some five or six miles distant, standing halfway up a lofty hill and commanding a view of one of the most beautiful valleys it has been my good fortune to look upon.

"It does not look so bad now," said Lord Aberowan as he glanced towards the fine old pile, "but it was fearfully bare when I was a little chap. My grandfather liked it so and would never allow any part of it to be covered with ivy or creepers. When my father succeeded to the title he at once had ivy planted at the bottom of several of the towers, and I think it has been a great improvement."

I cordially agreed with him and suggested that the place seemed to be the very spot where ghosts would wander if such things were good enough to back up the writers of fiction by existing.

He had been laughing and jesting, but at once his face became grave.

"You may brand me as a foolish and imaginative Celt," he said, "but I must confess that though I have never seen a ghost I most strenuously refuse to disbelieve in them. Sometimes when I have been sitting quietly after the others have gone to bed I have heard sounds that would have made your flesh creep."

But a bright morning and a rushing motor-car are not the right time and place for making ghost stories convincing and we did not press him to speak further on the subject.

At the door of the castle we were welcomed by the Marquis of Trefilan himself. He was a man of middle age but his face was lined with care and his eyes were the eyes of a man who had seen sorrow. He appeared to have the greatest affection for his son and was extremely kind to us as friends of the latter.

The fact that we were sailing under false colours made Page's investigations difficult, for he could not search about as he might have done had he been a professed detective.

On the pretence of a headache however he retired to his room shortly after our arrival, and while Lord Aberowan and myself kept the Marquis busy showing us his pictures, Page made a thorough examination of the bedroom in which the unfortunate Harry Gilman had been sleeping when he was stabbed by an unknown hand.

Lord Trefilan's studio was a large and well lighted apartment near the top of an ivy covered tower, and upon the walls of it he had a number of very creditable oil paintings. There was nothing very ambitious, no figure studies or portraits, but just landscapes, and it would be difficult for a painter with the slightest knowledge of his art to fail to make good pictures when nature so generously supplied excellent models to copy from on every side of the castle.

We were still busy examining his work when Page rejoined us, professing that his headache had been cured by a brief rest. His face was at all times inscrutable, and I could not hazard a guess as to whether he had found anything likely to assist him in his search.

That evening the Marquis retired early and left the three of us to finish a game of cards in the smoking room.

As soon as the door had closed behind him we dropped the cards and turned to the subject which was in the minds of each of us.

"I may confess frankly," said Page, "that I have discovered nothing of material assistance, and I greatly fear that I shall be obliged to take up the unpleasant routine work of endeavouring to trace some of the murdered man's missing property."

"Nothing whatsoever was stolen," said the young lord. "That is what makes the case the more strange. Harry was always careless with his money, and he had emptied his pockets on the dressing table when undressing, but the money was found there in the morning as also was his watch and his gold cigarette case. Robbery could not have been the motive."

"Had he any enemies?" asked Page.

"Not one in the world," replied the young man. "You would not ask such a question if you had known poor Harry Gilman."

Aberowan and I formed various theories to which Page listened patiently, but he advanced none of his own, and when at length twelve o'clock struck we bade each other good-night and went to our rooms.

It was, as I discovered afterwards, about two o'clock when I suddenly woke with a feeling that someone was in the room. Whether I heard a footstep sub-consciously I do not know, but I became convinced that I was not alone.

I lay and listened for a moment but there was never a sound. To go to sleep again with this unpleasant feeling of uncertainty was out of the question, and so I slipped out of bed, crossed to the electric light switch beside the dressing table and turned on the light.

If I live to be a hundred I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. Standing at the other side of the bed with a dagger uplifted in his right hand was the most revolting human being I have ever looked upon.

His head seemed immensely big, his mouth was wide and his lips loose, showing great fangs of teeth.

I saw him but for a moment. He seemed blinded by the sudden flash of light but in an instant he regained his self-possession and running in a strange waddling fashion across the room he darted out and banged the door behind him.

Had I stopped to think I should doubtless have been unnerved by the narrowness of my escape, but without stopping to consider the matter I dashed after him.

As I reached the door I caught a glimpse of the intruder at the far end of the passage and saw that he was making for the stair leading to the floor above. I put on my best speed and reached the top stair in time to see him dart into the studio of the marquis. Into this room I followed, but I was too late. I turned on the light, but the would be assassin was nowhere to be seen.

Next morning I naturally related my adventure to Page, but seeing where the intruder had disappeared I thought it best not to mention it to the marquis and Page agreed with me.

There could be little doubt that the man I saw was one and the same with the murderer of Harry Gilman, and if we could find him the mystery would be solved. Page scrutinised every corner of my bedroom, and on the door he found a little spot such as might be made by a bloodstained finger. He scraped off some of this stain and spent an hour testing it with various chemicals.

"It is paint," he said, "crimson lake to be exact."

"It looks as if I must have been mistaken in the appearance of my assailant," I said. "I am almost convinced especially with the discovery of this paint that the murderer can be none other than the marquis himself."

"You go too quickly," said Page, "but we will at any rate examine the studio."

That afternoon Aberowan succeeded in getting his father to go for a drive, and we made our examination at leisure.

What Page discovered I did not find out till afterwards.

We went down to the foot of the tower and peered about on the grass, but I at least could see nothing. That evening Page requested the marquis to have some private conversation with him and invited me to be present.

"The murderer of Mr. Gilman and the assailant of my friend here, is in the room at the top of the tower immediately above your studio," he said.

Then he declared his identity, for concealment was no longer necessary. The Marquis turned ashen white, made once or twice as if to speak and finally told us an astounding tale.

"Our first child," he said, "was born an imbecile. He was wholly unfit to hold the title, and when our second son, Aberowan, was born my wife and I planned a mock death and

funeral, since which the world has believed that our idiot son is dead.

"As a matter of fact we placed him in the turret room, where since my wife's death I have attended to his needs. He has been perfectly happy, having inherited my liking for painting. He paints or at least plasters paper and canvas all day long, and I have never known him to be violent.

"When Mr. Gilman was killed however I had reason to suspect that my idiot son was responsible for there was paint on the handle of the dagger. I had additional locks fitted to the door of the room as a precaution, and though I feared it I could scarcely believe he had done it because the existing lock showed no evidence of having been tampered with."

Page then made me explain my adventure of the previous night, and the marquis was convinced of the correctness of the theory, my description tallying exactly with that of his unhappy son. The one point which we could not understand was how the madman had succeeded in getting out of his room.

His escape seemed no less wonderful than Page's discovery of it.

"It was a simple matter," said Page. "Paint on the door gave me a clue and I observed a smear of the same colour on a leaf of the ivy near the top of your studio window. Looking up I saw that several branches of ivy had been broken between that and the window above it.

"While the ivy was young your son was safely imprisoned, but when it grew up and became strong enough to climb on he could easily descend and return to his room at will. He has developed homicidal mania, and though it may hurt your pride it is your duty to others to have him put in a proper asylum."

This the marquis agreed to do and at his earnest request Page withheld the solution of the mystery from Aberowan. Page had a note from the Marquis some weeks later that his son had become very much worse and after a short illness had died. To this day Aberowan does not know of the frail life that once stood between him and the inheritance of the title.

[*Another of these remarkable stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

WICKED STORIES.

[illegible] who write personal paragraphs have to be certain of their facts, or they are likely to be pulled over the coals by the celebrity concerned.

The American papers are the worst sinners in this respect. Not very long ago one of them announced that Paderewski had cultivated his enormous crop of hair by rubbing it well with cod-liver oil and brushing it for fifteen minutes each night.

He is the essence of good nature, but this was more than he could stand. In regard to personal appearance he is very careless, and he hated to have the world picture him combing and brushing his leonine mane in front of the looking-glass before he retired to bed. Moreover, from his youth up, cod-liver oil has been his pet aversion. So he compelled the paper to deny the statements.

There is a certain type of Fleet-Street hanger-on who earns his living by the invention of malicious lies concerning celebrities. The pity of it is that editors encourage him by purchasing his stuff. It serves them right when they have to fight an action for libel.

Needless pain was given to the worthy Bishop of London by the publication of another lying tale. The paper concerned informed its readers that Dr. Ingram was announced at a London reception as "The Archbishop of Canterbury," and that he replied humorously "Not yet!"

Of course, there was not an atom of truth in the story, and anyone with the slightest knowledge of the Bishop's character would have seen at once that he could never have said anything so indiscreet. It was, however, serious enough to demand a categorical denial from the person most concerned.

BOGUS AMATEURS

SOME ABSOLUTELY FRESH VIEWS ON A PROBLEM OF INTEREST TO EVERY SPORTSMAN.

Great has been the sensation in sporting circles over the refusal of the Scottish Rugby Union to meet England in their annual International Rugby football match.

The Scots, it may be recalled, claimed that the English Rugby Union had countenanced professionalism in allowing the members of the New Zealand amateur football team, which toured the country a year or two ago, to receive a cash allowance of a guinea a week per man over and above their general expenses, and on that ground declined to play England.

I am not going into the merits or demerits of the dispute, but the Scotsmen's action has raised the whole question of amateurism in sport in an acute form, and none too soon.

£500 A MAN.

None too soon, I repeat, because the bogus amateur has been a baleful influence in almost every branch of sport for years past, and the time has come, indeed, is overdue, for dealing with him. Lest I be misunderstood, I hasten to add that I do not in any way mean to describe the New Zealanders as bogus amateurs. Their guinea a week of pocket money may have made them professionals, as the Scottish Rugby Union alleges, or it may not, but the payment was openly made, whereas the secret receipt of money is of course the dirty stamp of the bogus amateur.

The whole question of amateurism in sport is a very difficult and complicated one. To begin with, the laws governing amateur status and conduct vary greatly with different games.

Then there are many anomalies: we have the Scottish Rugby Union boggling at the New Zealanders' guinea a week, while the M.C.C. welcomes all amateur Australian cricketers who admittedly make at least £500 a man out of an English tour.

Then it is impossible to find a definition of "amateur" which will meet all cases. There are at least four classes of amateurs in modern sport.

TRUE SPORTSMEN.

First of all, there is what one may call the "ideal amateur," *i.e.*, the man who plays a game for love, and bears every personal expense connected with it. That was the original type of amateur, but as the competitive element in sport became stronger there came into being another type of amateur, who, although not ideal, is none the less genuine. I mean the amateur who receives his bare out of pocket expenses and not a penny more. We may not altogether admire this sort of amateur, but he is recognised in modern sport, and we accept him as genuine.

Then we have what is the main subject of this article—the bogus amateur, of whom the most obvious example is the man who while posing as an amateur takes money for playing any particular game.

Does he exist to any great extent? Yes, to an extent incredible to those who are not behind the scenes in sport. And he is not as some suppose drawn mainly from the working classes. There have been a good many cases of working men as bogus amateurs, but the worst offenders have been and are ex-public-schoolboys and 'Varsity men.

That sounds pretty strong, but it is not an exaggeration. Only the other day there came under my notice the case of a 'Varsity "soccer" player who was invited to assist a London amateur club in a cup-tie. He came up from Cambridge, returning the same night after having dined with the club, and he charged £2 17s. 6d. "expenses." A sovereign would have been a very liberal allowance.

That, however, is a case of "making" on "expenses." I say, on the other hand, that there are many so-called amateurs who make no bones about secretly accepting substantial sums. I say there are first-class amateur cricketers who have a regular scale of charges for "exhibiting" themselves in minor cricket.

GENUINE EXPENSES.

I say there is at least one well-known amateur who is always willing to play in country home cricket on the very definite understanding that there will be an envelope containing a cheque for ten guineas for him on the morning of his departure.

Then there is the numerous class who "make" on their expenses. Mind you, I don't say that because an amateur sends in a heavy bill for expense that he is necessarily going to profit by it.

There is considerable point in the story of the famous amateur footballer who was invited to assist a professional club in an important match and afterwards returned a bill for expenses that fairly made the club's committee gasp. They did not mind his travelling first-class and putting up at the best hotel in the town, but they did take exception to the item of a bottle of the best champagne with his dinner. After considerable hesitation the secretary ventured to query the charge. The amateur was genuinely surprised and indignant. "Why," he said, "I never thought twice about it. When I am at home I always have a bottle of champagne for dinner. Why should I alter my habits because I am playing for you?"

That was all right, but there are many alleged amateurs who deliberately profit from their expenses. This they do either with the connivance of their club, charging extravagant sums, or they defraud their club by charging first-class fare when they have travelled third, hotel expenses when they have stayed with friends and so on. This is a very numerous class.

PARASITES.

Finally, there is the doubtful amateur, who is not bogus because what he does is openly done, but who nevertheless has small right to the title of amateur.

Some years ago a certain county cricket club discovered a promising player who occupied a modest position in Billingsgate fish market.

He could not both play cricket and attend to business, so the club took him out of the latter and made him their assistant secretary at a salary of £250 a year. I say that such a man, and there have been similar cases elsewhere, is to all intents and purposes a professional.

Then there is the "amateur" who practically lives by sport or a sport by writing about it. Directly or indirectly he lives by the game, and therefore I say he is not truly an amateur.

What is the remedy? Well, undoubtedly the sporting authorities are greatly to blame.

The various Unions and governing bodies must put their own houses in order first, and elect men who are determined to stamp out the bogus amateur. He can be obliterated and very simply. The evil is worst in the highest places, and perhaps most of all in first-class cricket.

THE REMEDY.

It should be a simple matter for the M.C.C. or the county committees to satisfy themselves in the case of an amateur proposing to play regularly for a club that he is in a financial position to do so.

Similarly with other games. If an amateur is obviously devoting his life to a game the onus should be on him to show that he can afford to do so, and is not likely to be tempted to profit by it.

The title of amateur is an honourable one, and it is intolerable that it should be claimed by men who obviously cannot afford to devote themselves to a sport, unless remunerated in one way or another.

E. BILBIE.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

DOCTOR CLAYTON'S CRIME

By R. A. CROFTS.

The two men met on the bridge, Victor Clayton, the country doctor, and Joseph Herrick, the recently bereaved husband.

The doctor was walking, for the case to which he had been called was close to his house, and as the other approached he looked for him to make some sign of recognition, but none came.

It was impossible that Herrick could have failed to see the other for there are not so many people to be met with on a country road that one should neglect looking at any of them. As they came alongside and Herrick still kept his eyes to the ground the doctor drew up beside him.

"Herrick," he said, "good evening."

Herrick lifted his eyes and they blazed in anger into those of the physician. "Don't dare to touch me with that hand," he said, striking the doctor's outstretched palm with his walking stick, "your very touch is pollution. I marvel that you can find the courage to speak to me after having killed my wife."

"Killed your wife!" cried Clayton, "you don't know what you say. If I could have saved her at the sacrifice of my own life I would have done so gladly. You know very well I loved her."

"I know you did," replied Herrick, "that is the very reason why you killed her. In the old days we were rivals and I happened to be the lover she preferred. You never forgave either her or me and you have taken a devilish revenge by killing her and so making my life unbearable. When you say you really loved her you are a liar!"

"If it were not that your loss has been so recent," cried Clayton, "I would ram that word down your throat."

"I should like to see you try," cried the other, "by heaven, I would! To get my hands on you would give me the only pleasure I believe I am now capable of enjoying. I should like to feel my fingers closing round your throat, my nails biting into your flesh."

There came into the eyes of Herrick a sudden look of frenzy. For a moment he stared wildly at the doctor and the next he had dashed at him like a panther.

Doctor Clayton was a man of powerful physique and his blood also was up. Without hesitation he closed with his antagonist and together they struggled at the edge of the bridge, now swaying towards the middle of the roadway, now bringing up abruptly against the low stone parapet.

Presently Herrick, who had his back to the parapet, lost his balance, and together the men hung over the top of the ridge of stone that divided safety from destruction. Clayton released his hold just in time, and Herrick fell backwards into the rapidly flowing stream beneath.

In a moment the doctor had raced round to the bank, where he stood peering anxiously across the darkening waters in the hope that he might be able to perceive some sign of his late rival but there showed no ripple on the even surface of the stream, and when he had watched for half an hour he stumbled back blindly towards his house through the rapidly descending darkness.

A steaming dinner was on the table, but to his housekeeper's chagrin he refused to touch it, locking himself in his study where he sat till next morning, refusing even to admit the servant who brought a lamp.

As he sat there two faces seemed to peer out of the darkness into his. One was that of the girl he had loved, the other was that of the man whom she had married and whom he had just murdered. Yes, he was a murderer in his own eyes and would be one in the eyes of the world if the world knew the facts.

The world ought to know, so he told himself again and again. It was his duty to give himself up. What if the death had been more due to accident than intent on his part, still there had been a struggle and he was the survivor. He ought to face a court of justice and stand his trial.

Next morning the news was all over the district that Joseph Herrick had disappeared, and the people were not greatly astonished. They had known of his passionate fondness for his wife, and they had appreciated some of the keen sorrow at her death, and they had little hesitation in ascribing his disappearance to suicide. Doctor Clayton waited for someone to say that they had seen him and the missing man struggling on the bridge that night, but it had been almost dark at the time and apparently no one witnessed the encounter, at least no one came forward.

Day after day passed without any news of Joseph Herrick and without any suspicion being attached to Clayton. But as his safety seemed to become assured his peace of mind became more and more uncertain.

Immediately after the struggle he had had the problem of evading capture to distract his thoughts from the more painful train which they were now left to follow. Then he had wondered how he might preserve his life, now he thought only of the life he had been instrumental in taking and the other which perhaps his lack of skill had prevented him from saving.

Day after day the conviction of his guilt grew in the mind of Victor Clayton till at last he began to perceive from his knowledge of such matters that he was becoming insane. He tried to think the case out impersonally and to decide whether he ought to give up his practice.

But then, he reasoned, what would become of him. He was without personal property, wholly dependent on his work, and with that gone must inevitably starve; and again the instinct of self preservation which in him was particularly strong asserted itself and he determined to hold his practice to the last.

One evening shortly after he had come to this decision there entered his surgery a countryman named John Dobney, a man somewhere between forty and fifty, whose children the doctor had attended from time to time.

"I ain't come as a patient, Doctor," said Dobney when the servant had closed the door behind him. "I've come on a little matter of business like."

"Yes?" said the doctor vacantly.

"It's like this, you see," continued Dobney, "you remember the night about a month ago when Joe Herrick disappeared?"

A look of pain flitted over the doctor's face and he nodded.

"Well, you see, doctor, it so happened that I had gone to gather some sticks behind the hedge against the stream there, and I saw you two quarrelling and I saw you throw him over into the water. Now, now! Sit still, doctor, I have not done. I know enough to hang you if I told what I saw to the police, but it's possible like for you to make me hold my tongue."

"In what way?" demanded Clayton, the perspiration standing in beads upon his forehead.

"By the simple way of paying me £100 now and as much as you can afford from time to time."

"You fool!" cried Clayton, rushing at him, his eyes burning with the light of madness. "Money would never make you hold your tongue, but I know a way that will."

Clayton as we have said was a man of powerful build, and without very much trouble he forced the blackmailer into a heavy armchair which stood against the wall, meanwhile pressing a cushion over his face which effectually stifled the countryman's shouts for help.

Clayton then reached for the chlorofo... bottle and trickled the liquid between his victim's face and the cushion till he could feel the man's limbs became inert beneath his grasp.

With the rapidity of lightning he fastened him securely to the heavy chair by means of the table cover.

"Yes, my man," he muttered through his clenched teeth, "there is one way by which I can make you keep your secret. I know you cannot write because you've always had to sign my vaccination papers with a cross. If I remove your tongue you will have some trouble in making known what you saw. You could eventually learn the dumb alphabet but I doubt very much whether you would dare to make use of it. I should imagine the taste I am going to give you of the kind of man I am will make you afraid of me for life."

Over what followed there is small need to dwell. It is sufficient to say that at the end of an hour John Dobney stumbled from the surgery with a strange numbed feeling at the b... of his mouth and the haziness of chloro... still hanging about his senses.

That night there were several calls for D... Clayton, but for the first time in his p... sional career he neglected responding to t... In the morning he lay in bed so long t... housekeeper imagined there must be som... the matter and knocked gently at his door.

At her knock he roused himself, dressed and came downstairs, walking like a man in a dream. He was making some pretence at ... ing his breakfast when a servant brought the information that a gentleman wished to see him at once. She had, she said, shown him into the surgery.

Clayton left his meal and went through.

"Joseph Herrick!" he gasped.

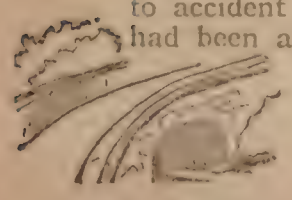
"Yes," said Herrick, holding out his hand. "I believe I have wronged you and I come now to ask you to let what I said be forgotten. When you threw me into the stream, or ... I fell—just as you like to put it—the w... broke my fall and I swam to the bank wi... difficulty. From there I watched you searching for any sign of me, and the mental torture which you were obviously enduring gave me an idea for punishing you in the most fiendish way.

"I decided to disappear in order that ... might suppose you had actually killed me, for ... knew the remorse you would suffer. For a month I have kept up this living lie but there still remained enough good within me to show me the baseness of the trick I was playing ... you, and now I have returned to ask your ... giveness and to give you mine."

Clayton's face was ashen white and he ... moisten his lips before he could articulate. "I ... I have anything to forgive you," he said, "... it willingly, but I would to Heaven you had co... a day sooner. Last night I did a deed that might make a man's blood run cold, a deed I would never have done had I known you were ... alive. I forgive you, but leave me now. ... sight of you brings back the horror of it."

Clayton roused himself from the lethargy ... which he was rapidly sinking and having sh... his visitor to the door he ordered his tra... prepared to make his daily round.

The trap had just clattered over the brid... which the fearful encounter of the men ... night had taken place, when there sprang f... behind the hedge the figure of John Dob... gun in his hand and his eyes ablaze with ... Aiming deliberately at the doctor he ... one barrel into his face, then turning ... gun upon himself he pulled the other trigger.



CUNLIFFE RUSSELL & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1888).

BANKERS & DEALERS

in Government, Municipal, Land Bank and other Bonds or Debentures issued by responsible public bodies on the Continent.

Best-known Experts and largest Dealers in this form of Security in the world.

Hold large Stocks, and can deliver by return of post.

Lend money on approved Continental Securities.

No connection with any other Firm.

Bankers' references in all transactions of importance.

Sole Address since 1890:

10 & 12, PLACE DE LA BOURSE, PARIS.

Regd. Tel. Address—"CUNRUSSELL, PARIS."

FINE OAK PRESS,

No. 5, 10/6. Or Complete with Stretcher, **14/-** Carriage Paid.

A PURCHASER OF THIS PRESS,

writing November 23rd, says: "I have by this time given it a good test, and it by far excels my expectations. It is a perfect trousers preserver. Will recommend it to all my friends."

ASK YOUR TAILOR FOR EVERITT'S PATENT PRESS, AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT. IF IN DOUBT, WRITE US.

"M" Booklet Post Free.

THE EVERITT PRESS MFG. Co., 17-19, Lever St., London, E.C.

Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the **OATINE SHAVING CREAM** (in tubes) or the **OATINE SHAVING STICK**, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather, but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the **OATINE SOAPS** for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as **OATINE CREAM**, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner, rendering shaving far easier and simpler than it is in the ordinary way.

FREE SAMPLES

of **OATINE CREAM** and **OATINE SOAP** will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, or send 3d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 79A, DENMAN STREET, LONDON, S.E.

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN

(1909 MODEL).

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

2/6. They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each. 2/6.

This Pen is fitted with **14 carat Solid Gold Nib**, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive: "Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half-dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

This Marvellous Self-filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each.

5/6

THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN.

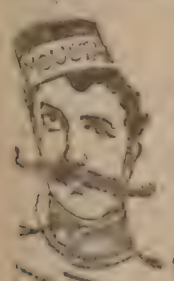
It is a marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular. It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Made-up 14 carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J[illegible] can be had. It certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the

14-Carat SOLID GOLD.

Makers: **MYNART & Co., Ltd.**

(Dept. H), 71, High Holborn, London,

and acquire this bargain. (Agents wanted.)



MOUSTACHE

A nice manly moustache **speedily grows at any age** by using "**MOUSTA,**" the only **Guaranteed Moustache Forcer**. A great discovery. Acts like magic. **Remember, money returned** if not **entirely** successful. Box sent (in plain cover) for **6d.** P.O.

T. DIXON & CO., 42, Junction Road, London, N. *Send* **6d.** *P.O.*

FRETWORK

REMARKABLE OFFER.

Send us three penny stamps and we will, as an advertisement, send you **a Shilling** parcel of our novel Art Fretwork Designs, including a Sixpenny Book of 13 dainty small Designs, and **two threepenny** sheets of larger designs. Address: Desk 21.

National Fretworkers' Association, 65, Farringdon St., London.

STAMMERING

CURED and all **Defects in Speech** effectually by "The Mason Natural System, of 1876," either by correspondence or by personal tuition. The "Practical Guide" (11th Edition), with printed Medical Inquirers, post free. A preliminary interview (without charge) can be had by previous appointment.—**N. H. MASON, 30, Fleet Street, London, E.C.**

Glen Alva Whisky.

The Finest Old Scotch at

3/- *PER BOTTLE.*

A GREAT NOVELTY.

THE "MAGIC" SAFETY INKWELL.

Unspillable! Dustproof! Non-Evaporating! Self-Righting!
A Perfect Patent Inkwell for Pocket, Home, or Office Use.

Here is an inkwell that will give you every satisfaction and pleasure in use. Think of an inkwell that if either wilfully or accidentally upset will right itself—an inkwell, in fact, that absolutely refuses to upset and spill its contents. As illustration shows, the shape is that of an egg—hence this inkwell is sometimes called the "Columbus." The outer case is beautifully made of the new untarnishable and featherweight metal, aluminium. The inside container is of rubber, with glass fountain dip, which *allows only a proper supply of ink to be taken at each dip.* The "Magic" Columbus Inkwell is a splendid novelty, and makes a really acceptable present to a person of either sex, and of any age.

It also recommends itself to every educated person who can appreciate ink free from dust and dirt.

The price is only **1/3**, post free. Two will be sent for **2/3**, or three for **3/-** (to separate addresses if desired).

PLAYGROUND OF SCIENCE

(Patentees & Manufacturers of Scientific Novelties),

50, ALBERT HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

WEST END HOTEL,

ARUNDEL STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

Noted for its Recherche LUNCHEONS, DINNERS & SUPPERS.

Excellent Cuisine. Choice Wines. Moderate Charges.

Telephone: 460-461, GERRARD.
Telegrams: "BENVENUTO, LONDON."

Proprietor, F. COSTA.

GOLFING EXPENSES.

SHOWING THAT THE GAME COSTS JUST WHAT YOU LIKE TO PAY.

One of the pleasantest days I ever spent was a certain Saturday when, along with a friend, I tramped over the downs, playing a sort of elementary golf with an old club and a ball. There was no teeing ground, no putting green, no club subscription, and no caddie's expenses, for our weapons consisted of but one driver apiece.

Here was a new aspect of golf, and one that proved not only enjoyable but infinitely cheap. In that little adventure lies the key to the cost of golf: It runs you in for just what you care to pay.

You may patronise the most exclusive and expensive of clubs, you may spend pounds and pounds on your outfit; but, on the other hand, you can get most of the fun for practically nothing.

POOR MEN'S CLUBS.

You may divide golfers into four classes according to what they spend on the game, the first in point of cheapness being of course the independent variety I have described.

Next come those who spend about £2 for a complete outfit, and about 2s. a week throughout the year.

For £2 you will get a very presentable set of eight clubs, with a brown canvas carrier, and some outfitters will even supply your needs for £1 15s.

Membership in a cheap club will cost you half-a-crown entrance fee, and a yearly subscription of 7s. 6d., which works out at about 2d. a week. The links provided at this charge are not, of course, of the championship type, but nevertheless they are good enough for plenty of sport.

You will require on an average one ball a week, which will cost you a shilling (I am supposing in this case that you buy the cheapest).

Tenpence a week will be necessary for tram fares, the unkeep of your clubs and incidental expenses. Altogether, then, two shillings a week will let you play every Saturday afternoon and most evenings.

THE AVERAGE GOLFER.

To enjoy golf at this price, it is necessary that you should be living within a short distance of the links, for the figure named is obviously too low to include long railway journeys. But the same thing might be said of angling; cheapness in sport is bound to depend to a great extent on the locality.

I am not pretending that everyone can afford to play; I merely want to point out to those who live near the links, but who don't play on account of supposed expense, the error they are making and the chances they are missing.

It may be observed in the above estimate of expenses that I have made no allowance for caddies' fees. The caddie is not a necessity, and an able bodied man is perfectly capable of carrying his own clubs, and he certainly must do so if he wants golf on the cheap.

The third class of golfer is he who spends from 10s. to £1 a week on his sport, with an initial outlay of £14 or so.

His club will demand about £10 10s. as entrance fee, and his outfit will cost him the other £3 10s., as he will be buying a more expensive type of clubs and bag than the less wealthy golfer.

His annual subscription of £5 means 2s. a week. He will need a new ball each week, and he will probably buy the 2s. rubber-core kind. He will not restrict himself to his own immediate neighbourhood, and his travelling for Saturdays and evenings through the week will run him into a weekly outlay of 4s.

A caddie he is sure to have, and at 1s. a round this will bring him to about 5s. in the week. On the Saturday he will lunch at the club house at a cost of 2s. 6d. Refreshments will cost him about 1s. 6d. for the week. He must allow 1s. for the upkeep of his clubs. He will have a special suit for golf, for the cost of which we will allow 2s. a week. This makes in all £1 a week.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

The man who spends this sum on the game may be regarded as the representative golfer, so we shall tabulate his expenses so that they may be seen at a glance:

	s.	d.
Caddies	5	0
Travelling	4	0
Clothes	2	0
Lunch	2	6
Subscription	2	0
Golf balls	2	0
Refreshments	1	6
Repair of clubs	1	0
Total £1	0	0

The man whose weekly salary does not exceed this figure will naturally ask why a man should spend so much on a pastime. There are two reasons. Some spend it because the money is of small moment to them and they want to enjoy their game regardless of expense; others do the same in order to mix with these well-to-do men and so obtain business.

Here is a valuable hint to the young business man who is on his own. I know several young lawyers, architects, and civil engineers who frankly admit that the bulk of their clients have been introduced to them at the golf club, and that their golfing expenses are the best business investment they make.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S GAME.

The last class is the extravagant golfer. To him money is nothing. He belongs to half-a-dozen clubs, each of which he patronises as the fancy takes him. He makes a point of being present at all important matches.

Frequently when he plays he takes the professional with him, which means that he has to pay him half-a-crown, and also entails the expense of two caddies. He may even have a private course laid out in his own grounds and retain a professional to instruct him. His expenses are impossible to reckon, but they would not fall much short of £1,000 a year.

Thus is golf a game for all classes, from the working man to the millionaire, its cost depending on just how you take it, but the pleasure derived being the same for all players—perhaps it is if anything greater the less you pay.

On the joys of golf as a game it is scarcely necessary to dwell, for its general popularity with men of all ages is sufficient to show its superiority to many others.

No other game keeps one so much in the open air, or provides such continuous yet varied exercise.

A round of golf on the average links means two and a-half to three miles, but few men would set out and walk three miles every morning of their holiday with the same regularity that they play their round of golf. COLIN MACBEAN.

FALSE VOICES.

Elocution may be an excellent thing if fully studied, but when it is only partially grasped it alters the tone of the voice, giving it a ring of falseness without any marks of finish.

A false voice is never agreeable.

You will observe this in many clergymen, and also amongst business men with whom persuasiveness counts for much. A man's words may flow easily and his voice may be mellow, but, if it appears to his hearers that it is not his natural voice, they at once suspect him of duplicity, although he may be perfectly innocent.

The really persuasive voice is essentially natural. You feel that it is not the lips and the tongue that are speaking to you but the whole personality of the man. There can be no such impression when there is the slightest trace of affectation in his speech.

In this, as in most arts, the chief aim of the student should be to conceal the existence of art.

A £500 INSURANCE

Registered and good for a year.

The Proprietors of "THE MODERN MAN" have entered into an arrangement with the

GENERAL
ACCIDENT FIRE AND LIFE
Assurance Corporation, Ltd.,

whereby any reader over 14 years of age may obtain an Insurance for

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS

payable, subject to the terms and conditions of the Insurance, to the next-of-kin of the holder if he or she be killed by an accident to any RAILWAY TRAIN, OMNIBUS, TRAMCAR, or CAB within the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands by which he or she is travelling as a ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, or the holder of a free pass

The Insurance will hold good for one year from the date it bears and will be dispatched on receipt of the subjoined Application Form, filled in with the name, address, and occupation of the Applicant, accompanied by a Postal Order for 6d. and an addressed envelope.

No person may hold more than one of these insurances in respect of the publication in which this announcement appears.

Fire, Burglary and Larceny and Domestic Servants Insurance.

IN ONE POLICY FOR ONE PREMIUM AT LOW RATES.

NOTE.—Being Independent of all Tariff Combinations this Corporation's Policies are free of all vexatious restrictions and conditions.

ASSETS - - Over £1,500,000.

Chief Offices:
GENERAL BUILDINGS, PERTH; and
9 and 10, KING ST., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

THE MODERN MAN.

Form of Application for £500 Insurance.

To be detached at dotted line and forwarded to the

GENERAL
Accident Fire and Life
ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Limited.
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland.

I request you to forward to me, in the accompanying addressed envelope, the Insurance above described, and to register my name as below, as the holder of such Insurance, for which purpose I also enclose a Postal Order for 6d.

Full Name,.....

Address, ...

.....

Occupation,.....

Date,.....

Postal Orders should be made payable to the "General Accident Fire and Life Assurance Corporation, Limited," and crossed.

Please Write Plainly.

Sweet Peas

When growing Sweet Peas grow only the best. A superb display occupies no more space, takes no more time to cultivate, neither does it cost any more than a poor show. To obtain the very best, send direct to Eckford for your seeds; but **remember they are only genuine when obtained direct from Wem.**

VILLA (B) COLLECTION.
24 Splendid Varieties.
Suitable for Exhibition, 50 seeds of each, **5/6**

VILLA (C) COLLECTION.
12 Splendid Varieties.
Suitable for Exhibition, 50 seeds of each, **2/9**

A Booklet, giving full particulars on the Culture of Sweet Peas, given with every order.

FREE. Send a postcard for Coloured Illustrated and full descriptive Catalogue containing details of the novelties for this season, and also particulars of all Flower and Vegetable Seeds.

It is sent post free. Write to-day.

Eckford's Culinary Peas also lead.

Henry Eckford
Sweet Pea Specialist
WEM
SHROPSHIRE

BIRLEY'S Phosphorus

FOR BRAIN AND NERVES.

IT is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possesses, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

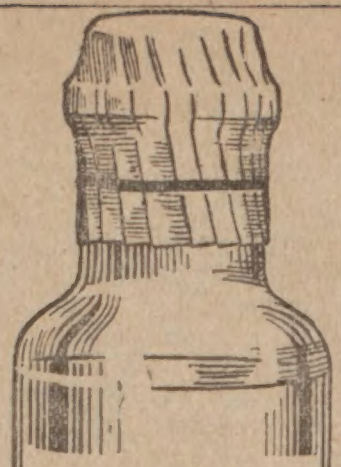
Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, ***properly*** administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz.: Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidized) Phosphorus Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

ALL CHEMISTS, &c., 1/1½, 2/6, 4/6.



REGISTERED—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.

BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.

TABLE OF DOSES.

Under 5 years	5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 ,,	10 ,, 20 ,,
10 to 14 ,,	20 ,, 30 ,,
15 to 20 ,,	30 ,, 45 ,,
21 and over	50 ,, 60 ,,

THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORNING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.

PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. LTD
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

THIS BOTTLE FREE

SEND THIS COUPON D. X. 6
To GORDON MURRAY and CO., Ld.,
10, Adam-street, Strand. London, W.C., with four penny stamps to cover parcel, postage, packing, and despatching, and the generous-sized Trial Bottle, as illustrated (containing a week's supply) will be forwarded by return. If you have previously had one of these Trial Bottles we cannot accept your application for another. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

Why Earn So Little When You Can Earn More So Readily?

There's no sufficient reason why you should be content with your present earnings. Whatever your age, position, leisure or circumstances may be, a sure and simple way to a better salary is opened to you by the International Correspondence Schools.

By following at home, in your spare time, an interesting and inexpensive course of special training, you can readily qualify for advancement, either in your own occupation or in some more advantageous calling if your present work is uncongenial or does not offer attractive prospects.

Thousands of men and women have improved their position in this way during the 17 years the International Correspondence Schools have been in existence. Why shouldn't YOU? You'll agree, at any rate, that it's well worth your while to get full particulars. Fill in the coupon, or write us about any particular career which interests you—to-day.

76

MANAGER, INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Dept. X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.; and at Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow.

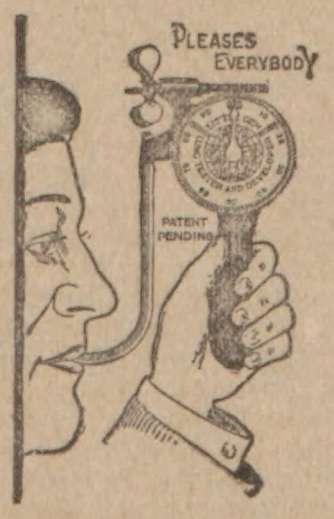
I am interested in your system of Technical Training and ambitious to increase my earning power. Please send me, post paid, free of charge, Book covering the subject before which I have marked X on the coupon; and full information how I can qualify for advancement in the trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Architecture.	*Steam Engineering.*
Electrical Engineering.	*Sanitary Engineering.*
Mechanical Engineering.	*Textiles.*
Structural Engineering.	*Civil Engineering.*
Gas Engineering.	*Analytical Chemistry.*
Machine Shop Practice.	*Mining Engineering.*

Preparation for Examinations.

Name .....
Address .....
Occupation .....
9|2|09.

LUNG-TESTER



A clever scientific instrument which accurately records the strength and capacity of the lungs. Use once a day for only 1 minute, and you will increase your chest measurement from 1 to 3 inches and your breathing capacity 50 per cent.

Strengthens Weak Lungs and Chest.

MOST INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE FOR HOME PARTY COMPETITIONS.

(Dip Mouthpiece in clean water after each person, and there is no danger.)

Price One Shilling.

Postage 1d. extra. 2 post free for **2s.**, 3 for **2s. 9d.**

PLAYGROUND OF SCIENCE,

20, Albert House, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

VALETING.

If a man is to be turned out with absolute perfection, it is generally thought that he must either have a valet or spend half his time in valeting himself. Few men, I imagine, are f o o l s enough to follow the latter course, and few are sufficiently well off to adopt the former.

There is, of course, an obvious advantage in having the benefit of a valet's services. He knows exactly what ought to be done to preserve the beauty of every garment, and, the whole of his energies being concentrated in the one matter of his master's dress, it is obvious that he must be well turned out. The average man who aims at being well dressed must endeavour to find a cheap substitute for a valet.

THE DOMESTIC.

The housemaid has generally enough to do without adding the care of a man's clothes to her tasks, but she may be requisitioned with advantage, provided she is given a separate wage for this particular duty. If you pay her, say, two shillings a week to attend to your clothes, she will do so with none of that grumbling which would otherwise be inevitable. Moreover she will do the work pleasantly and well instead of scamping it.

You must teach her how to fold your clothes correctly and instruct her in the proper brushing and care of them. Make her take a pride in having everything in first-rate order, observing such details as loose buttons and those other minor points which are the peculiar care of a valet.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

Failing Mary Jane, you might give the task to a little brother or sister.

In their case also I should say that it is imperative for you to pay them for their work. Labour of every kind has a certain cash value, and if it is given out of goodwill merely, you cannot in the same way control the efforts of the giver.

Whatever wage is given, let it be distinctly understood that if the work is not properly done the arrangement will come to an end.

Some such scheme as this will relieve you of all the troubles of looking after your wardrobe and will enable you to turn out with a good deal more smartness than would otherwise be possible.

OLD CLOTHES IN TRADE.

In reference to a paragraph which recently appeared on this page as to the advisability of wearing old clothes in certain branches of sport, a Glasgow reader informs me that it is considered bad form for an engineer to appear in new overalls when he takes up a fresh job.

One might reasonably suppose that a man who was presenting himself amongst strangers for the first time, would naturally wish to appear as smart as possible, and to this end might purchase a new set of overalls; but, according to my correspondent, if he did so his companions would regard him as a man who was inexperienced in his work and little better than an apprentice.

I give the information for the benefit of any engineer readers who may not be aware of the facts, and who might otherwise become acquainted with them in an uncomfortable manner.

FOLLOWING THE LATEST THING.

Someone has said that the well dressed man is never the first to take up a new fashion nor the last to lay aside an old one. This hits the mark pretty accurately.

I was living abroad at the time when the lounge coats added a few inches to their length. The first inkling of the new fashion that I had was through seeing an Englishman with a lounge jacket quite as long as an ordinary frock coat. He was wearing a motor cap with this rig out, and it required all my self-restraint to prevent my smiling.

It seemed to me then that the lengthening of the lounge coat was a wholly ridiculous thing. Shortly after that I returned to London, where I found that, instead of becoming the frock coat length, lounge jackets had merely increased sufficiently to cover the seat of the trousers.

My prejudices vanished, and I saw that the new fashion had everything to commend it which would lead to its probable permanency.

The young man with the extraordinary jacket was, I suppose what is generally referred to as a bounder. He grabbed at any new fashion, and adopted it in its most extreme form. Instead of being admired, which was probably what he wanted, he merely rendered himself ridiculous.

It is nearly as bad to retain an out-of-date fashion in the face of change.

A wealthy man of my acquaintance still wears jackets of ridiculous shortness. Some years ago he laid in a whole stock of lounge suits cut according to the fashion of the day. He had so many that they were in his opinion too good to discard, even when they became out-of-date. As in other respects, he is very carefully dressed, and, as he is sufficiently well off to buy the newer type of clothes, his policy also is to be condemned.

So we come back to the beginning. The wise man is he who sees the merits of a new fashion promptly but is never so much in love with it that he refuses to give it up when the time comes.

SMOCKS.

I recently had introduced to my notice a garment for masculine wear which is capable of being put to many uses. It is a compromise between the beater's smock and the dust coat that one sees in town.

The one I have in mind was made of linen of a darkish fawn colour, and was worn instead of a jacket. If desired it could, of course, be worn above a jacket, but it is primarily intended as a working coat, and, as you are likely to be warm at the time of wearing it, you do not want very much beneath it. The colour is distinctive, and there is no danger of its wearer being mistaken either for an agricultural labourer or a butcher. It is, in fact, like a well-fitting overcoat, but light in colour and practically without weight.

Reaching a little beyond the knees, it forms a protection to the clothes when gardening or when cleaning a motor bicycle, and on warm days it may even be used as a motor coat, for it keeps out the dust, though not the wind, as effectively as a garment of fifty times its weight. The linen of which it is made is tough, and it can be rubbed and scoured without danger, so that you need not worry if you spill an oil can over it or brush against a bicycle chain.

I am not certain whether it is possible to obtain these coats in London, but they can be procured from most country outfitters. Young farmers and farm pupils have taken them up with enthusiasm.

I have no very high opinion of home-made articles for men's wear—except socks, but I would make an exception to my general ban, however, in the matter of smocks. These garments are so loose fitting that their shaping should offer small difficulty to your sister or your sweetheart, provided she is a handy needlewoman.

One stipulation I make: Don't, please, let them write to me for paper patterns. I haven't any.

THE TALL MAN'S CLOTHES.

The man who is noticeably tall and thin must endeavour to correct his physical pecularities by a careful selection in the matter of clothes. His object must be to break up his figure as much as possible.

His jacket should be fairly loose, and fairly long. Height is more often a matter of length in the legs than in the trunk, and a short coat would only make the legs seem longer.

His trousers should be considerably wider than the ordinary, so that the height may be less emphasised. His waistcoat should preferably be double breasted, for the lines of the collar tend to lead the eye across and across instead of up and down.

In regard to his linen collar it should be rather low, and his tie should be a wide one.

He will be well advised to wear shoes instead of boots, as the former again tend to break up the total of his height.

The tall man should not wear a frock coat or morning coat if he can help it, as these with the tile hat greatly add to the apparent height. A Norfolk jacket will greatly assist in making his figure seem normal.

In regard to pattern the tall man must above all things see to it that there are no lines running up and down, and if he can get something becoming he might have, in the matter of the vest at least, a pattern the lines of which run horizontally.

He will be well advised not to choose patterns that are very light, for he is, in the matter of dressing, acting a deception, and he must not draw more attention to his figure than he can help.

FOR SHORT MEN ONLY.

The man of scanty inches should wear a morning coat and silk hat whenever possible, for I know of nothing that better adds to the apparent height.

He should see to it that his clothes are at all times well fitting. His trousers should be narrower than those usually worn, and his coat should be if anything shorter in proportion.

He must follow a course directly opposite that advocated for the tall man. His main endeavour must be to avoid breaking up his figure. Let him choose a single breasted vest with a very small opening, let him have a fairly high collar and a narrow tie.

In the matter of hats he must exercise caution, avoiding those with wide brims, and preferring those whose crowns are rather high.

Like the man who is abnormally tall, the short man must avoid courting notice, and must dress as quietly as possible. In the matter of lounge suits he should select fairly dark shades of brown and grey, and should prefer those patterns whose lines run up and down.

Let him avoid a Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers.

RENOVATION OF TIES.

Frequent knotting will crease any tie, particularly those made of thin material. If you avoid wearing any one tie more than once each week, it will largely recover its shape during its six days' rest, but the time will come when more active measures will have to be taken for its recovery.

Then is the moment when you must appeal for the kind assistance of a lady friend. Persuade her to iron your ties for you with an iron that is not too hot, keeping a dry handkerchief between the silk and her iron all the time.

The heat generates a certain amount of dampness, and the tie should be hung up for a time to air before being put back in your tie box.

This simple treatment will enable you to keep your stock up to the highest level of perfection.

Many men never use a white dress tie more than once—I am speaking, of course, of those who tie their own bows, for no self-respecting man who wishes to appear well-dressed will wear a made up one. It is far cheaper to pay say a shilling for your white tie, and have it washed or ironed when it requires it.

Printed by HAYMAN, CHRISTY, AND LILLY, LTD., 113-117, Farringdon Road, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, W.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d. to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C. *Sole Agents for the Colonies:* GORDON & GOTCH, London, etc. *South Africa:* The Central News Agency, Capetown, etc. Registered for Canadian Magazine post.

Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

FOR YOUR HAIR.

I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.

Geo R Sims

Tatcho

WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

Philip Hookes

MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."

High Croft, Winchester.

I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

Ed. Keate
Major General

LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

Jessie Sykes

COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

E Perry
Col Retd

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

R Bacot-Chester

THE NOVELIST "RITA."

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

Rita

COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

T. Wolfe Murray
Commander R.N.

LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, knew this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

Cut this out.

FOR A

4/6 T

TA

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/- in plain sealed package. This offer is made with the object of enabling you to test its value, and

Applications for Advertising Spaces must be made to the Sole Agents, A. BURBRIDGE & CO., LTD., Thanet House, 231, Strand, London.

JU-JU-TSU.

The Japanese Method of Self-Defence and Physical Culture.

The Most Perfect System in the World.

What it Is and What it Does.

JU-JU-TSU, "the art of gentle control," is the Japanese science which enables those who possess a practical knowledge of it to overcome, and, if necessary, disable the most powerful assailant, even if taken at a disadvantage, size, weight, and strength not being important factors; and apart from its defensive qualities, its practise will develop Health, Strength, Endurance, Vitality, Will-power, Self-confidence; and will cure Dyspepsia, Corpulency, Nervousness, and all kindred Disorders.

Self-Protection.

Every man, woman, or child at some time in life feels the need of the physical ability necessary for Self-Defence. The possession of a knowledge of JU-JU-TSU is your only **certain** protection.

A Recent Letter from a Pupil.

DEAR MR. GARRUD,—I was invalided home from India a perfect wreck, and after a course of 12 lessons with you I am feeling quite strong, have greatly increased my weight, and my strength is twenty times what it was a fortnight ago. I cannot too strongly advise anyone who is not in very robust health to take up the finest system on earth, *i.e.*, JU-JU-TSU.—Yours sincerely, R.S.T., Lieut. 13 Rajpan.

ONE TRIAL LESSON FREE, ANY DAY FROM 3 to 9 p.m.

Why remain at a physical disadvantage? Give us a call. You will be met with every courtesy, and be under no obligation.

HOURS, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Specially Suitable Methods for Ladies by Madam Garrud.

TYPEWRITTEN COURSES FOR CLIENTS IN COUNTRY AND ABROAD, 10/6. Many hundreds have been sold in all parts of the World.

Write for full particulars:

Prof. W. H. GARRUD

(*Late Prof. Raku Uyenishi*), *one of the Founders of the* [illegible] *Institute,*

[illegible]s, Wrestling, Fencing, also Taught by Experts.